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LIFE AND BATTLES
OF
TOM SPRING.

[CONCLUDED.]

In regard to Spring's last battle with Langan, it was apparent that the superior science of Spring won him the battle; but we always viewed Tom as an artificial fighter, and that he had no natural hits belonging to him. It is owing to this circumstance that we have placed Spring in the highest place on the boxing list. The late celebrated John Kemble was the most artificial actor of his day, but he was admitted by the critics to be the greatest performer of his time. So with Tom Spring; he has overcome the defects of nature, and, without any natural requisites for fighting, he has become the Champion of England. He has made himself master of self-defence: if Tom cannot hit hard himself, he prevents others from hitting him scarcely at all. This, at all events, is balancing accounts. He likewise stops skilfully; gets out of danger by the goodness of his legs; he is always cool and collected during the battle; and one of the safest men in the P. R. to back, because he cannot be gammond out of his own mode of milling.

Spring has also licked all the men he has ever fought with in the Prize Ring; and his in the whole of his contests lost but one battle. It is a curious coincidence, that on Whitsun-Tuesday, in 1823, he defeated Neat, near Andover, and on Whitsun-Tuesday, 1824, he overcame the brave Langan. Spring, therefore has won three battles in one twelvemonth, and one thousand pounds into the bargain: for instance—

With Neat	- -	£200.
Langan	- -	300
Ditto	- -	500
		£1000.

The above battle was a noble, manly, and generous fight! But Langan had not weight enough to win: his person was not tall enough to win; his arms were too short to win; and his condition was not good enough to win; but the heart of the hero of the black fogle was big enough to beat all the men in the world; at least, poor fellow, he thought so! Well, then, let us give him credit for what he has done! As a complete novice, he contended with the Champion, in his first battle, for two hours and twenty-nine minutes. Spring, at that period, treated Langan too lightly. In the second battle, when Spring was perfectly prepared for his opponent, it took the Champion one hour and forty-nine minutes to obtain the conquest. This circumstance alone, is a volume in favor of the goodness of Langan. The whole of the points towards winning were in favor of Spring, except one; and that one point was highly important to Langan; namely, the excellence and strength of his constitution over the Champion. Under all the circumstances of the fight, "which was never safe till it was over," we think it an honorable victory to Spring, as both of his hands were gone three quarters of an hour at least before the battle was decided. He might be compared to a man fighting without weapons. But to prove the conqueror of a man like Langan, is an honor to any pugilist; and to triumph over one of the gamest of the game, equal to any boxer who has preceded him, and never excelled in bravery, is quite sucientfi without any further comment on the subject. Success to them both! When Langan is again tried in the P. R. we think Spring will rise higher in the estimation of his friends. That the hero of the Black Fogle will be a tough bit, in future, for any one to carve, cut, and come again, is certain; and before the joint is finally disposed of, a good stomach will be necessary, if not a glution required, to show himself at the table. The exact weight of Spring was 13st 11lb.

CIRCUMSTANCES CONNECTED WITH THE BATTLE.

Spring left his bed early in the evening, and his first visit he paid to Langan, at the Dolphin; they met like brave men and on taking his departure he shook Langan by the hand, leaving ten pounds in it. A military band, in honor of the brave conduct of Langan, played several airs under the window:—Erin go bragh—St Patrick's Day, &c. The above band then went to the Swan Hotel, and also played Rule Brittannia. St Patrick's Day, and God save the King! A gentleman out of the balcony of the above hotel proposed the following toast, which was drank by the populace with three—loud cheers—England and Ireland for ever!

The Champion left Chichester at eight o'clock on Wednesday morning in an open barouche, accompanied by Mr. Sant. He was cheered out of the town by the populace; and on his entrance into the metropolis he was also greeted with loud remarks of approbation.

THE TRIFLING ADVANTAGES OF A FIGHT TO LANDLORDS NEAR THE SCENE OF ACTION.

"Mine Host" at the Dolphin, the hotel where Langan and his backer put up, Belcher, &c. made the following modest charges in his bill:—Six guineas for six beds, for Langan, for one night only, Belcher, Harmer, and O'Neil, and the Colonel, and his friend; and four guineas for conveying Langan to and from the ground.

The road to and from the fight on Monday and Tuesday last it should seem, put all the inhabitants of Surrey and Sussex into good spirits; and the ladies were as lively and cracking their jokes upon the subject with equal wit and repartee as their male companions. A celebrated pugilist, on his return to town on Tuesday last, stopped with his patron, in his barouche and four, to change horses at Pulborough, when being extremely thirsty and oppressed with the heat, he told his companian that he should take some cold brandy and water. "Mine hostess" being at the door on the look out, and anxious to please her customers, and a lively creature into the bargain, waiting for orders, the gay pugilist, with a face full of gravity, having been on the wrong side of the question, thus addressed "Mine Hostess." "Pray, madam, have you a good well?"—"Yes, Sir," was the reply, [smiling] "and an excellent Spring too!" "That must be always an advantage to the ladies: and a recommendation to your house, madam," answered the pugilist, whose former gravity was turned into laughter.—"I hope so," rejoined the lovely dame; "and if you ever come this road again mention 'The Spring,' and you shall be recognised, you may depend upon it."—"Bravo!" said the Swell in the barouche, "a hit, Tom, without a blow. Drive on, post boys."

Spring's last battle with Langan ended his career as a principal in the Prize Ring. During his career as Champion he received four cups, and in 1825 resigned the office.

On the 20th of May, 1846, Spring was presented with a testimonial, including a silver tankard.

Spring died at the Castle Tavern, Holborn, on the 20th of August, 1851, and was buried at Norwood Cemetery, Aug. 25, 1851.

THE END.

Reed and Paterson's Hurdle Race.

The names of Henry Reed and James Patterson are as familiar in the mouths of all admirers and supporters of pedestrianism as "household words." Each has acquired the greatest celebrity, but in a totally differgnt line, the former having been long considered the champion of that class technically denominated "sprint" runners, whilst his opponent, who, from his activity in jumping, has acquired the *soubriquet* of "The Flying Tailor," was supposed to be without an equeal in a hurdle race. Thus gifted these men ranked A 1 each in his own particular class; and the sporting community were exceedingly desirous that a match should be made between them to test their respective abilities, many felling enclined to back celerity on the "level" against "ground and lofty agility." Curiosity was fated soon to be satisfied, for Patterson wrote a challenge to all the world to run 200 yards and jump 10 hurdles, 3ft 6in. high and left with it a binding deposit of £20. After a laps of some time this bold defiance met with an acceptor in the person of the above-mentioned Harry Reed; articles were quickly entered into, and a match made, to run the distance and jumps, as specified in Patterson's challenge, for £25 aside. Last Tuesday was the day appointed for the match to come off, and Surley Hall, a place within two miles of Windsor and where the ex-pedestrian, George Grantham, has taken up his quarters, was fixed as the *locus in quo* by Patterson, who had given a sovereign for choice of ground. A large amount of the "Californian" depended on the issue, and from the circumstances we have above detailed, each man had a host of backers, generally at evens, but shortly before the start, Reed rose in the market, and some heavy bets were made on him at 6 to 4. The weather was exceedingly unfavorable, the rain descending heavily during the greater part of the day; the ground, however, was not in bad condition, a level piece of green sward having been jupiciously chosen by Grantham, which had been closely cut and rolled under his surveillance. The attendance on the ground, though not very numerous, comprised all the well known admirers, as well as a goodly number of aristocratic patrons, of pedestrianism. At four o'clock the atmosphere having partially cleared up, the men made their apperance on the ground, when John Smith [the once famed Regent street Pet] was chosen as referee, and a gallant son of Mars selected to give the start, by pull of handkerchiefs On toeing the scratch, the excellent condition of both men was the theme of general conversation. Nothing could be finer. After making three false "moves" the men got away well togther, and running at a somewhat slow pace, Patterson "topped" the first hurdle rather in advance; at the second he had a better lead, and on reaching the third he headed his antagonist by between five and six yards, and maintained this advantage to the infinite delight of his friends, over the next three hurdles. On nearing the seventh Reed began to put on the steam, and gradually stealing on his man, overtook him ere he had arrived at the eight jump, when Patterson in his descent touched it with his hand. With this mishap the race may be said to have terminated, for though the game little Patterson still ran on, he never again got near Reed, who went in a winner by some six or seven yards.—*Bell's Life Feb.* 22.

Wrestling.

At Saville House, Leicester square, on Wednesday evening, there was a large attendance, for in addition to the assaults of arms, boxing, wrestling, the French and German games, &c., M. Henry and several other French wrestlers and sabant players made their appearance. M. Henry having issued a challenge offering to give a gold watch to any one able to throw him a fair back fall, it caused a strong muster of north and south country wrestlers. M. Henry and another Frenchman went on and wrestled in their style, the former soon disposing of his opponent. No trial took place for the watch, but Ivison, Scott, and several other north country wrestlers have entered their names to have a shy at the Frenchman next Wednesday evening. Some sporting gentlemen present wishing to see a trial, Cockyer (a Cornish wrestler) offered to tackle any of them if they would put on a jacket according to his style, which was accepted by M. Pierre Maison, and a match made for the first two falls in three, for £2 aside, a fair back fall only to count. Notwithstanding a great disparity, the Frenchman being a considerably bigger and heavier man, it seemed that no fall would ever be obtained, for what Cockyer wanted in size and weight, he made up in science, but after a most severe and exciting struggle of nearly three hours, Cockyer at length succeeded in throwing his opponent amidst thunders of applause. In consequence of the lateness of the hour it was agreed to postpone the match until next Wednesday evening.

LIFE AND BATTLES
OF
DAN. DONNELLY,
ONCE CHAMPION OF IRELAND.

From a work published in England in 1818, now first republished in this country in the columns of the NEW YORK CLIPPER.

This pugilistic hero, although an attractive feature in the milling circles of Ireland, had not to boast of NUMEROUS victories; and, unlike his fistic predecessors, the renowned Peter Corcoran and courageous scientific Mich. Ryan, of Irish growth, seemed little ambitious to extend his conquests beyond his native soil.

Donnelly was in posession of every requisite to constitute a first-rate boxer. In height 6 feet and half an inch: weighing 14 stone: gifted with prodigious strength: no lack of courage; a good knowledge of the science, and backed with the prime advantages of youth, being under thirty years of age. The blows of Donnelly are described as terrific and appalling, and in their operation are more like the ponderosity of a sledge-hammer than given from the arm of a human being, added to which he has a peculiar sort of hitch, or fastning, that gives him great facility in cross-buttocking his opponents when in the act of closing. With an animated countenance, his head altogether portrays a staunch milling index! He was a carpenter by profession, and was born in Townshend-street, Dublin. His first appearance in the prize ring, it appears, was with Tom Hall, of the Isle of Wight, who was on a sparring tour in Ireland. It was for a subscription purse of 100 guineas, in a twenty feet ring, and took place on the Curragh of Kildare, on the 11 of September, 1814. The concourse of persons that flocked to witness this combat was more than ever was remembered upon any similar occasion. It seemed as if Dublin had emptied itself, and not less than 40,000 spectators were present. The vehicles on the road were beyond all calculation, from the barouch, jaunting cars, and gingles down to the most humble description. The footpaths also were covered with pedestrians, so great was the anxiety manifested by the Irish people for the fame of their champion. Previous to the battle the combatants met on the ground, and drank with each other. Donnelly first entered the ring, and was greeted with thunders of applause. Hall was also well received. The battle did not answer the expectations which had been previously formed upon it. In fact, Hall was over-matched considerably in point of weight, and therefore compelled to act upon the defensive. It was far from a stand-up fight. Donnelly received no injury, except one trifling cut on his lip, which drew first blood. He slipped down once. His superiority of strength was evident, and he did not appear the least exhausted. Donnelly generally hit first. Hall did not acknowlege defeat, and retired from the ring by order of the umpires after the fifteenth round, exclaiming foul, in consequence of being hit three times when he was down. No betting occurred during the fight, but previous to which it was 60 to 40 on Hall, and, on the ground, 25 to 20. Bonfires were made in several of the streets in Dublin, by the warm-hearted countrymen of Donnelly, to celebrate his victory. The latter was under the training of Capt. Kelly. He was also seconded by this gentleman and Captain Barclay, brother to the celebrated pedestrian. Hall was attended by Painter and Carter. During the fight Donnelly kept his temper: closed every round: and attempted to put in some heavy blows, which, had they reached their destination, must have proved effectiv in the extreme. Hall was well known as a game man; and as a scientific fighter he appeared far more conspicuous than Donnelly. It was, however, urged by the partisans of the Irish Champion, that Hall fell down without a blow, which was not noticed; and Donnelly, in his eagerness to catch him, before he again attempted this sort of conduct, hit Hall once, in particular, so desperately on the ear, while he was sitting on the ground, that the claret flowed in torrents from it. The most independent and candid opinion upon the subject, from the best judges of pugilism who witnessed the battle, appears to be, that both of the combatants lost it!

George Cooper, who was teaching the Art of Self-defence in Ireland, with much approbation, and whose fame as a boxer in England was well known to the Irish amateurs, was accordingly selected as an equal competitor for Donnelly, and they fought for a purse of sixty pounds.

On Monday, the 13th of December, 1815, they met in the ring, on the Curragh of Kildare, at a few minutes after ten o'clock in the morning. At an early hour thousands of persons left Dublin to witness the fight, and the road to the scene of action was crowded with vehicles of every description, hurrying along to reach the destined spot. Donnelly, followed by Coady, received great approbation upon making his appearance; and Cooper, on entering the ring, was loudly cheered by the spectators. The combatants shook hands together, and immediately began to prepare for action. Coady seconded Donnelly; and Painter attended upon Cooper. Both the men appeared in good condition.

THE FIGHT.

1st Round. The tight boys of the sod were all upon the alert in favor of their countryman, and Donnelly must win, and nothing else, was the general cry. Every eye was on the stretch when the men set-to. Some little time occurred in sparring, when Donnelly planted a sharp blow on the neck of Cooper, and the latter returned in a neat manner on the body. Desperate milling then took place, when the round was finished by Donnelly, who in first-rate style floored his antagonist. It would be impossible to describe the shout that accompanied this feat; it was not unlike a fire of artillery; and the faces of the Paddies smiled again with innate approbation.

2. Considerable science was displayed before a hit was made, when Donnelly put in a sharp facer. He also drew blood from one of Cooper's ears, and his strength prevailed to that extent, as to drive Cooper to the ropes, where he went down.

3. Had it not been on the Curragh of Kildare, it was presumed, that the fine fighting of Cooper would have told with better effect. He evidently labored under great fear, from the prejudice of the numerous spectators being so much attached to his opponent; but Donnelly exhibited great improvement, and he completely took the lead this round. After some tremendous hirting Cooper went down. Another uproarious burst of applause

4. This was altogether a good round. Cooper convinced Donnelly that he was a troublesome customer, and, in spite of his overwhelming strength, he could not protect himself from punishment. In closing, both down, but Cooper undermost. Donnelly was now decidedly the favorite, and 6 to 4 was the general betting.

5. The gaiety of Donnelly was hastily stopped, after an exchange of a few blows. Cooper, with much adroitness, floored Donnelly in a scientific style; but the latter instantly got upon his legs without any help. The odds changed, and even betting was the truth.

6. Cooper's mode of fighting extorted the admiration of the Irish amateurs, from the ease and natural manner he contended with his big opponent. Donnelly was kept to his work, and he had some difficulty in getting Cooper off his legs.

7. In this round Donnelly was seen to much advantage, and he resolutely went in, as if to beat his opponent off-hand. He drove Cooper to all parts of the ring, till they closed, when the strength of Donnelly almost proved fatal to his opponent. Cooper received one of the most dreadful cross-buttocks ever witnessed; and by way of rendering it even more terrific, Donnelly fell on Cooper with all his weight, driving the wind nearly out of his body.

8. From the severity of the last fall, Cooper appeared much distressed on setting-to. Donnelly, with some judgment, turned the weakness of his opponent to good account; and, after having the best of his adversary, Donnelly put in so tremendous a hit, that Cooper was hit off his legs. The loud cheerings from all parts of the ring beggared description, and, in the pride of the moment, a guinea to a tenpenny bit was offered on Donnelly.

9. Cooper commenced this round in the most gallant style, and the milling was truly desperate on both sides. In making a hit, Donnelly over-reached himself, and slipped down.

10. The strength of Donnelly was too powerful for Cooper: but, notwithstanding this vast disparagement, the latter fought him upon equal terms of confidence. Cooper was, however, again floored by Donnelly. High odds, but no takers.

11, and last. It was evident Cooper could not win; but, nevertheless, this round was fought with as much resolution and science to obtain the superiority, as if the battle had just commenced. Donnelly, at length, put in two tremendous blows, that put an end to the contest, particularly one on the mouth, that knocked Cooper off his feet. On victory being declared in favor of Donnelly, the applause lasted for a minute. The battle continued for about twenty-two minutes. Donnelly appeared quite elated with victory, and shook hands with Cooper and also his friends.

Donnelly, in the above fight, portrayed great improvement both in science and temper; and, added to his overwhelmning strength, he was enabled to beat down the guard of Cooper with ease and effect. He was also in better condition than when ho fought Hall. Cooper was much beneath his antagonist both in size and weight.

Cooper was, in a manner, half beat before he entered the ring, arising, it is urged, from the prejudices which existed against him. The sum originally offered to the combatants was a purse of £120, and the loser to have £20; but on the morning of fighting, after Cooper had been kept waiting in a chaise on the ground for upwards of an hour, he was told, that the funds would not admit of more than £60 to be given to the winner, and nothing to the losing man. Upon this statement, Cooper declared that he would not fight; but the reply was, "You are on the ground, man, and you must fight! The amateurs cannot be disappointed." Under the above disadvantages, Cooper met his adversary: he had not only dared the attempt of wresting the laurel from the brow of the Champion, but that, too, upon his native soil. During the battle some intemperate person threw a stone into the ring, which struck Painter on his back, the second of Cooper.

It is not meant to be urged that the latter could have won the battle—an impartial opinion has been given by his own countrymen directly to the contrary, asserting that Cooper, with all his superior boxing skill, does not possess strength enough to reduce the overwhelming powers of Donnelly. This Irish Champion was there considered a first-rate boxer; and from the repeated use of the gloves he derived great improvement. His benefits at the Olympic Theatre, in Dublin, were, in general, numerously attended; and, in the character of a publican, his house was well attended by Irish amateurs. The size, strength, and science of Donnelly qualified him to fight any man in the world.

TO BE CONTINUED.

Great Trotting Match between Miss Turner and Miss Rattler.

The above match, which excited so much interest in the Sporting World, between Rattler, (the American horse,) and Miss Turner (the Welsh mare,) for 200 sovereigns, was decided on Saturday, April 25th, 1829, over ten miles of ground, between Cambridge and Godmanchester, commencing at the second mile stone from Cambridge, and terminating at the twelfth. This was the first occasion on which the merits of Rattler were brought into action in this country, although he had won all his matches in America. Miss Turner had been in training at Smitham-bottom, Surrey, for two months, and was completely up to the mark. Both were in Cambridge on Friday—Rattler at the Greyhound, and Miss Turner at the Eagle and Child; and the Newmarket Meeting having closed, several of the turfites came over to witness the match. A meeting between the proprietors of each horse took place at the Hoop, in Cambridge, on Friday evening, when the time, place of trotting and some other necessary preliminaries were adjusted; but betting was still shy, and two to one on Rattler would be accepted only to a very trifling amount. Some small bets were made on time, the American being backed to do the ten miles in thirty two minutes.

Shortly before twelve, both the animals and their proprietors were at the starting stone. Rattler was ridden by William Haggerty, the American groom dressed in a light flannel jacket, blue silk cap, olive-green velveteen trowsers and boots without spurs, and a small whip in his hand; his stirrups were wrapped round with list, to prevent his feet from slipping; he rode with a common snaffle, bit and martingale. The mare was ridden by little Davy, in a jockey silk cap and jacket, boots and spurs. According to the terms of the match, the American groom was to weigh ten stone, while the mare was not confined to weight, and Davy, saddle and all, did not weigh more than seven stone. The color of the horse was dark bay, and the mare a chesnut, both were about the same size, fifteen hands two inches, and in age we believe they were pretty much on a par—between eight and nine years. The coat of the American was rough, while that of the mare was sleek, and indicative of fine training. Previous to the start, the American was trotted up and down several times; and at last the groom, whose appearance was anything but of the dandy cut, exclaimed to his master, that he was full ready for his jump; and, indeed, the fire and vigor which the animal displayed confirmed this assertion. The mare was also full of spirit and activity, and excited general admiration. The umpires were now chosen—Mr Morton, jun., of Epsom, for the proprietor of the American, and Mr Angles for the proprietor of the mare. The former, of course, rode with the mare, and the latter with the horse, with the understanding according to the terms of the articles, that should either break from the trot into a gallop, he or she should be turned round, according to the usual laws of trotting.

Shortly after twelve o'clock, all being in readiness, the road was cleared, and at a given signal the mare was started at a spanking pace of at least twenty miles an hour. A clear minute having elapsed, Rattler was let go, and almost instantaneously laid himself down to his work, with extraordinary speed. It was soon seen that he was gaining on the mare, and he was urged, we think rather unwisely, to increase his pace, and improve his advantage. Both soon broke out in a profuse perspiration, and by the conclusion of the third mile Rattler was fast closing on the mare, and in about half a mile further he was alongside her. The marewas now urged to increased swiftness, and in consequence broke, and was turned twice. This accident gave Rattler, who kept on steadily to his work, an additional advantage, and by the fourth mile he headed her in grand style. Still the mare proceeded with unabated vigor, while Rattler continued to stretch farther a-head. Shortly before she reached the fifth mile the mare again broke twice, and was turned, while Rattler in passing the fifth mile stone, was full sixty yards in advance, and his proprietor, as well as Harry England, called to the groom to keep steady—an order which he obeyed, and kept pulling his horse with all his strength. Both horse and man were in a complete bath of sweat; and in the course of the sixth mile, in which there was a slight descent, the mare broke, and was turned no less than four times—a circumstance in our opinion, attributable to one of her friends riding too close to her quarters, and urging her to increased exertion. In passing through the village of Fenny Stanton, the horse was full two hundred yards in front, when a sharp trotter was laid alongside him, and produced such a degree of irritation, that it required all the physical strength of the groom to hold him in so as to prevent his breaking. The interference of and remonstrance of Harry England at last prevented the continuance of this unfair conduct; but the effect of it was, that the mare who had been going in admirable style, although she broke four times afterwards, was fast gaining on the horse, and had approached within ninety yards of him at the commencement of the ninth mile. From the short distance which was yet to be completed, and from the difficulty of checking the progress of the horse, it was now clear that the mare had not a chance; and in fact, at the close of the tenth mile, the horse was full sixty yards in front, having completed the distance in thirty minutes and forty seconds; a feat unparalleled in the history of horse-flesh in this country. The time of the mare was thirty one minutes forty two seconds, and, making allowances for breaking and turning, the credit due to her was scarcely inferior to that given to the horse. In speed, the latter, however, had a decided advantage; and we have no hesitation in saying, that had he been in better trim, or had he been urged, certainly without occasion, to greater exertion, that he would have done his work in shorter time. Giving to Rattler all due praise, and he certainly must be pronounced a phenomenon, we must still say that the mare has proved herself the fastest trotter which has yet been bred in this country; and as a brood mare, for which her master intends her, must be highly valuable. On being pulled up, both were somewhat distressed; and we need not say, that the horses of umpires and followers, which were kept at the top of their galloping speed the whole distance, were not a little blown at the conclusion of their labors. The horse and mare were then walked gently back to Fenny Stanton, a distance of two miles and a half, where the American groom dismounted, and went to scale; his weight being then found, including the saddle, and without the briddle, upwards of 10st 5lbs. With this the umpire of the mare expressed himself perfectly satisfied, and thus ended this extraordinary match, in a manner highly honorable to all parties, and without the most distant approach to wrangle on either side. There was some talk of a fresh match for a longer distance, but this was met by the owner of Rattler offering to back him against anything living, for any distance in or out of harness, from any sum from £200 to £5000.

The Falconer and (soi-distant) Chaplain.

"There was a pleasant story of old Lord Cottington (observes Mr. Leigh Hunt, in his novel of Sir Ralph Esher), which Hyde has been heard to relate, and the particulars of which were told me by a gentleman who was on the spot. The king, during his stay abroad, was going to make Mr. Wyndham secretary of state, for no better reason than that his mother had been the royal nurse. Cottington went to his majesty and begged his attention for a few moments to the merits of a worthy person of his acquaintance, for whom he had to solicit a favor—'Let us have 'em, my lord,' said the king, 'and you know if I can oblige the man, I will. It is not money, I hope?' 'Nay, sir, had it been money,' answered the lord treasurer, 'I should have begged a little for myself, to give some color to my title; not to mention other reasons, which, God be praised, occasionally make every body merry but the baker. It is a much lighter matter on which I come to your majesty, though of great importance to the poor man.' 'Who is he, Cottington?' returned the king; 'a poor man not wanting money, is a marvel I would fain be acquainted with. He is the only wild fowl of his species, and must partake of the nature of the bird of paradise, which, they say, lives upon air. Pray let him take me along with him.' 'Your majesty,' resumed Cottington, 'has hit wonderfully upon two points in the man's fortune; one that concerns his present estate; and one that touches, it is to be hoped, upon his future. Sir, it is of Mr. Wood, an old falconer of his late majesty, whose humble petition I have now to make known to you. He is a man extremely well versed in his art, having followed it from his youth upwards, to the great content of his late blessed majesty; and, I believe, I may add, of his majesty's successor.'—'Old Wood,' said the king, 'I know him well, and a good brisk old fellow he was. He would toss up a lure in a second, that one might have taken for a partridge oneself.' 'Well, sir, he can do as much now. I do not believe there is a man of his art breathing who is better acquainted with the quality and mettle of his hawks, or more thoroughly experienced in all which they affect, or whatsoever suits their individual natures. He seems to know what sort of relish to give their food, by the very feel of their beaks under his finger.' 'He must be a proper falconer indeed,' said the king. 'Truly is he, sir; and as is his knowledge, so is his care. No man waters or bathes his hawks with more—I had almost said—fatherly attention; nor feeds and looks to their cleaning with a more happy result.' 'Nay, he's something like the son of a hawk, if you come to that,' said Charles. 'His own beak, I suppose, by one of Sir Kenelm's sympathies, helps him to a knowledge and consideration of all other beaks.' 'A shrewd quip, i'faith,' said Cottington, laughing; 'and a pity it is that Sir Kenelm, with his stately discourses, heard it not. But, sir, to be serious with regard to this poor man: money is not his most pressing want; if it were, he would forego the mention of it, like a good subject; but he is mightily desirous of being serviceable to your majesty in another way; and, therefore, in pursuance of what I have partly stated, I must add, that there is not a better caterer or coper of his birds 'twixt this and the land's end; none that can cut a pounce with a more masterly nicety, or better provide against dulness and overgrowth in the beak. He is, furthermore, one of those who scorn to have too many fowls on hand, being as active as a youth in taking them in due season; and, for reclaiming and keeping his hawks on the fist, I never met, not only with his equal, but with any who could stand by him.' 'Well, my lord,' said the king, 'I know your love of the sport, and fully credit your zeal in behalf of the fowler; and now what am I to do? for you know these are not the times or places for adding to the list of our servants; nine-tenths of whom, as it is, have nothing to do.'—'Tis true, sir,' replied Cottington, 'but, if your majesty will pardon my zeal in behalf of an old brother sportsman, to whom I have been indebted for many a day's jollity, I may take the freedom of reminding you that there is a vacancy in the list of your majesty's chaplains, the filling up of which with the name of my honest friend, would make the poor man happy for life.' 'The list of chaplains, my lord treasurer!' exclaimed the king; 'surely, I would not stand upon niceties, but a chaplain and a falconer—' 'Forgive me, my dear liege,' interrupted Cottington, with imperturbable gravity, 'but knowing your liberality in such matters, and hearing from persons of good credit that your majesty was about to confer the secretaryship of state on worthy Mr. Wyndham, I thought I would make a bold face and lose no time in endeavoring at some preferment for the no less deserving Mr. Wood. He will soon learn to read, if, in truth, he does not possess that accomplishment already, for I think I have seen him perusing an almanac; and, in the progress of a few days, I doubt not he will be quite as able to further your majesty's interests in the way I speak of, as Mr. Wyndham in his more exalted station.' The king, at this discourse, is said to have looked more disconcerted than he had shown himself on more trying occasions. He blushed, then laughed, then blushed again; and finally settled the pretensions of both Mr. Wyndham and Mr. Wood, by observing, 'Odsfish! my lord, you have dealt me a hard knock; but I suppose it was out of love, seeing that I was going to do a foolish thing; and so I'll not be so foolish as to persist in it.'"

Foot Race.

NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE. SWEEPSTAKES FOR £60.—On Monday, a foot race for a sweepstakes of £20 each, the second to receive £5, took place on the Town Moor, between John Bradfield, John Gilroy, and Stephen Ridley (all located in Newcastle.) The two former are well known pedestrians, while the latter is quite a novice. The distance was once round the course, to run the opposite way to the horses, and in order that the contending parties might encounter no impediments the chains of the course were taken down. The weather, excepting a tremendous breeze, which caused hats and caps to fly in the air in all directions, was favorable, and the race, which excited great interest, was attended by upwards of 6,000 spectators. The betting was 5 and 6 to 4 on Bradfield against the field, and 2 to 1 each against Gilroy and Ridley; and many speculations in various sums were risked on the event. After the usual preliminaries had been completed the men came to the start, Bradfield having the appearance of a man who had evidently been overtrained, while Gilroy and Ridley were in excellent trim. They all started at the first bend, but they had not proceeded far in the race before Ridley took the lead at a clipping pace, evidently bent to leave his opponents far enough behind to prevent the possibility of them retrieving their lost ground; Bradfield was second and Gilroy third. They continued in this position better than half the distance, when Bradfield was told to go on, but despite all his efforts Ridley maintained his lead. At this point Gilroy was nearly 30 yards last in the rear, evidently beaten. At the Newcastle Turn, Bradfield made a desperate struggle for the pride of place, and nearly succeeded in breasting Ridley; but Ridley put on an extra spurt and left his opponents gradually until he reached the goal, winning by about 30 yards. Gilroy was last by about 100 yards. Notwithstanding the heavy state of the ground and the strong wind, the race was run in capital time, the distance having been performed in 9min. 30secs. Bradfield and Ridley are matched to run twice round Newcastle Race Course for £20 aside; Joseph Forster of Derwenthaugh, and Thomas Sutton of Henton, are matched to run 280 yards for £20 aside; and Stephen Forster of Fellingshore and Joseph Roseby, of Seaton, Delaval, are matched to run one mile for £15 aside. The time is not mentioned.

The Decapitated Fighting Cock.

The Cock that fights and runs away
May live to fight another day;
But he that is in battle slain
Will never rise to fight again.

The following pathetic and heart-rending account of an old lady and her cock occurred a short time since at Tnion Hall; an elderly female, in widow's weeds, approached the magistrates' table with tears trickling fast down her cheeks. She stood for some time, and appeared so absorbed in grief as to be unable to give utterance to her feelings. The magistrates, perceiving she was in great trouble and anxiety of mind, desired her not to agitate herself, and a chair was placed for her to sit down upon until she became more composed. In the interim a trivial case of assault was disposed of, upon which Mr Chambers, observing that she had recovered in some measure from her agitation, inquired the nature of her application. The question was scarcely asked, when the applicant drew forth from under her silk cloak the headless body of a *cock*, and holding it up in her hands by the legs, while the blood fell in drops from the lacerated neck. 'There,' said she uttering a convulsive sob, 'there, your worship, you see *my cock without a head.*' The display of the dead cock, and the emotion exhibited by the poor widow for the loss of her darling bantam, caused great laughter, instead of the sympathy it was evident she expected from all who heard her complaint. 'Well, madam,' inquired Mr Chambers, '*how came your cock in that condition, with its head cut off.*' Applicant, still weeping, 'Your worship, the poor thing's head was struck off by Mr *Glasscock*, my next door neighbor, with a sabre, while *his cock* and *my cock* were fighting together: and *I* want to know if I cannot obtain redress for so diabolical an act, for I can call it nothing else.' Mr Chambers inquired how the cocks came to engage with one another; whether they had been *matched* to fight by the applicant? The applicant said that *her cock* got over the wall into Mr *Glasscock's* yard, and then the two *cocks* began at one another, when, in the midst of the fight, Mr *Glasscock* ran out with a drawn sword in his hand, and with one blow severed the head off *her cock.* A voice here from amongst the crowd listening to the cage called out, 'Well, old lady, you can have *cock broth* now as soon as you please.' The applicant, hearing the words, said, 'Me eat this poor *cock*—no, not for a thousand pounds. My poor mother, who died at ninety six years of age, reared the poor bird, and out of respect for her memory—for I know she was fond of it—I was anxious to keep it as long as I lived, had it not been for my cruel neighbor, Mr *Glasscock*, who deserved to have his head cut off for serving out the poor bird in this manner. (The applicant here gazed at the *dead cock*, and smoothing down the feathers on its back said, 'Well, it had as pretty a plumage as any *cock* in the kingdom, and could fight well, too, but I did all in my power to prevent anything of the kind.') Mr Chambers, 'Well, madam, I have listened very patiently to all you have had to say relative to the *dead cock*, and now must inform you that I can afford you no redress. You can summon Mr *Glasscock* to the Court of Requests for the value you set upon *your cock*, and that is all the advice I can give you.' The applicant here dropped a low courtsey, and while engaged in tying up the body of her *cock* in a pocket handkerchief, she shook her head over it, and exclaimed aloud, on leaving the office, 'I shall never, never more, see its like again.'"

The English Ring.

From Bell's Life, January 29.

FIGHTS TO COME.

FEB 14. Poulson and Paddock—£100 aside, London.

FEB 14. Malpas and Brittle—£50 a-side Dudley.

FEB 28. Tom Sayers and Sims—£50 to £25, London.

MAR 25. Pat Murphy and Andy Moore—£50 a side, Dublin.

APRIL 11. The Spider and Alfred Walker---£100 a side, London.

APRIL 19. Paddy Gill and McNulty—£100 a side, London.

APRIL 25. Bill Barry and Hawkes of Birmingham---£100 a side, London.

MAY 23. Johnny Walker and Billy Hayes---£100 a side London.

SPIDER AND ALF. WALKER.—These men staked an additional £5 aside at Alf. Walker's, Duke of Argyll, Laystall street, Liquorpond street, on Tuesday last. The third deposit of £5 aside is to be made at Dan Disnore's, King's Arms, Smarts-buildings, on Tuesday next.

WALKER AND HAYES.—The second deposit of £10 aside for this exciting affair was duly put down at Alec Keene's, Three Tuns, Moor street, Soho, on Wednesday last; the next of £10 aside is to be made at Jemmy Shaw's, Queen's Head, Crown Court, Windmill street, on Wednesday, Feb. 8.

POULSON AND PADDOCK.—A further deposit of £10 aside for this match was made at Ben Caunt's, Coach and Horses, St. Martin's Lane, on Tuesday last. The final deposit of £10 aside is to be posted at Jemmy Shaw's, Queen's Head, Windmill street, on Tuesday next.

MARRETT AND TAT HATCH.—These novices drew articles at Jack Jones's, Lord Nelson, Earl street, Kensington, on Monday, to fight on Monday, Feb. 13, for £5 aside. They make a further deposit, at the same house, to-morrow evening.

WALLBANK AND MANLEY.—A match has been made between William Wallbank and David Manley of Newcastle, to fight for £10 aside, near Newcastle, on the 20th of February. £1 aside is down, and they make a further deposit of £2 aside to-morrow night.

SIMS AND SAYERS.—The final deposit of £10 to £5 aside for this match is to be made at Alec Keene's, Three Tuns, Moor street, Soho, on Tuesday, Feb. 21, instead of Tom Sayers's own house.

GILL AND M'NULTY.—We have received a further deposit of £5 aside for this match. The next of £5 aside is to be forwarded on Thursday next.

BARRY AND HAWKES.—These youths have staked an additional fiver aside, and are to repeat the dose next week.

MALPAS AND BRETTLE.—We have received an additional deposit for this fight. The next of £5 aside is to be forwarded next week.

Nobby Clarke will make a match for Charley Brannen to fight any man in Lancashire, from 7st 6lb to 7st 8lb, for £15 or £25 aside. A match can be made at Nobby Clarke's sparring academy, on Monday evening next, Spitalfields, Whitechapel, Liverpool.

Jemmy Welsh has a novice he will back to fight any other at 7st 8lb, in the same ring as Paddock and Poulson, for £10 or £25 aside. Money ready at the George, East Harding-street, Farringdon Market.

George Beasley of Birmingham will fight Kidd Foster, at catch weight, for £5 aside, or any further sum he likes. Beasley's money ready at J. Cope's, the Old English Gentleman, Cheapside.

Young Sparrow will fight Ben Ray, for £10 aside, at 8st 8lb. Man and money ready on Tuesday night, at Mr. Myers's, Old King John, Holywell-lane, Shoreditch.

Dan Collins will fight any 10st or 10st 2lb man for £25 aside. Money ready on Wednesday night, at Mr. Parker's, Rising Sun, Fair street, Horsely-down.

GEORGE SEWARD THE AMERICAN VERSUS A HORSE.—We are informed that the whole of the stakes, £30 aside, has been made good for the match between George Seward and one of Eaton Stone's horses to run 160 yards, and jump over eight hurdles, the best of three heats.

THE GREAT BATTLE
BETWEEN
CAUNT AND BENDIGO,
For the Championship of England,
September 9th, 1845.

At the request of a large number of our readers, we give below a full report of the great fight that took place on the 9th of September, 1845. We copy from Bell's Life of the 14th Sept., 1845.

This match, which, ever since the 17th of April last on which day it was made, has excited an extraordinary degree of interest, increasing in intensity as the period for its decision approached, was brought to a conclusion on Tuesday last, in a field close to Sutfield Green, beyond Lillingston Level, in the county of Oxford, we regret to record under circumstances which are far from calculated to sustain the reputation of British boxers, still less to dignify the office of "Champion of England."

At twenty minutes after three the men entered the ring; Caunt was the first to make his appearance, attended by Molyneaux (the Black) and Jem Turner as his seconds; Ben Butler (Caunt's uncle) having charge of the bottles. He was loudly cheered, and was in high spirits. Bendigo, attended by Nick Ward and Jack Hannan, Jem Ward and Jem Burn, next arrived, and the most deafening shouts proved the extent of his popularity, while the Nottingham "roughs," flourishing their sticks, and surrounding the ropes and stakes, evinced a spirit of partisanship very unusual.

On stripping, the contrast between the men was extraordinary. Caunt, as compared with Bendigo, presented a gigantic aspect, while his huge limbs, divested of their customary covering of flesh, had a most singular appearance. His ribs were as palpable as those of a greyhound, and his long arms, thighs, and legs, covered only with well proportioned muscles and sinews, gave him the appearance of perfect condition. His face, too, had a most extraordinary expression, as he said himself, offering plenty of bony substance on which Bendigo might crack his knuckles. His hair was cut remarkably short, and his ancient scars standing forth undisguised, gave a character to his mug far removed from the poet's description of Adonis. Still his eyes were bright, and there was an expression of good humor in his lank and pale phiz, that showed perfect self-possession and internal confidence. His weight but little exceeded 14st, and his height, rendered more striking from the diminution of his bulk, was exactly six feet two inches and a half. Bendigo offered an aspect much more agreeable; his complexion was clear and fresh colored, while his frame generally showed perfect health; his weight, we were informed, was 11st 10lb. His grey eyes were bright and sparkling, and his manner eccentric, but confident. There is a natural restlessness about him, which was by no means diminished on this occasion, and he had evidently made up his mind, by every dodge of which he was master, to steal upon his opponent, and to escape from the effects of his fearful physical superiority. He saw that he was numerously supported by his friends, and it was clear that he was by no means dismayed at the fearful odds in height and length to which he was about to be opposed. On his side were ranged Jem Ward and Jem Burn, while Tom Spring stood alone the counsel of Caunt, a duty which he performed with modest firmness, although his objections were overruled, and his head more than once in danger of collision with the Nottingham twigs.

THE FIGHT.

Round 1. The much desired moment for the commencement of the mill at length arrived, preliminated by a simultaneous cry of "Down! down! Hats off!" Molyneaux and Turner led their man to the scratch, while Nick Ward and Jack Hannon performed the like office for Bendigo. Hands having been crossed, the seconds retired to their corners, and business commenced. Caunt threw himself into attitude, erect and smiling, while Bendigo at once began to play round him, dodging and bending in his usual style. Caunt let fly his left but missed; Bendigo active on his pins, retreated and chasseed left and right; at last he crept in closer, then out again, till, watching his opportunity, he got closer, and popped in a smack with his left on Caunt's right eye. After a few lively capers he succeeded in delivering another crack with his left on Caunt's cheek, opening the old scar left by Brassey, and drawing first blood, as well as producing an electric effect on Caunt's optic. [Shouts unlimited from Bendigo's friends.] Bendy got away laughing, and again played round his man. Caunt got closer, missed an intended slasher with his left, and closed for the fall. Bendy grappled with him, but could not escape, and Caunt, by superior strength, forced him down at the corner.

2. Caunt up at the "time," his eye and cheek testifying the effects of the visitations in the last round; Bendigo dancing round him, and waiting for an opening. Slight exchanges left and right, Caunt missing his opponent's head; Bendigo, in retreating to the ropes, slipped down, was up again in a moment, and dashed to his man. Wild exchanges, but no apparent execution; Caunt hit out viciously left and right, missed his kind intentions, and Bendy got down unscathed.

3. Caunt up quick and determined on annihilation. Bendigo again played about him, but did not get near enough for execution: after some wild passes, Caunt missing, Bendigo, on the retreat, was caught in the powerful grasp of Caunt, who threw him across the ropes and fell on him, but no mischief done. [Shouts from "the roughs."]

4. Caunt came up blowing or whistling, when Bendigo, after a little dodging, popped in his left, under his guard, and got away. Caunt, determined on mischief, followed his man, and at last, getting to him, let go left and right, catching Bendigo with the left on the mouth slightly, but missing his right. Bendigo, finding himself in difficulty, got down, falling on the rope, and grinning facetiously at Goliah the Second, who walked back to his corner.

5. Caunt the first to lead off, drew on his man, but Bendigo retreated, Caunt after him, till he reached the ropes, when Caunt hit out left and right, his blows passing harmlessly over Bendy's head. There was a want of precision in Caunt's delivery not to be accounted for with his supposed science. Bendigo, who stopped rather wildly, got down.

6. Caunt, first to the call of time, waited with hands well up, but blowing as if from habit. Bendy manœuvred to the right and left: Caunt approached him, but he retreated. Caunt let fly left and right, but Bendy ducked his cannister, and got down with more of caution than gallantry.

7. Left-handed exchanges on the nobs, but of no moment. Caunt made some desperate lunges left and right, was too high, and Bendy slipped down.

8. Bendy, after a few dodges, got within Caunt's guard with his left, and gave him a pretty pop on the cheek. Caunt missed his return, but seizing Bendy in his grasp, flung him across the ropes. Here he leant heavily on him, till at last he overbalanced himself and fell over on his own head, bringing Bendy with him amidst loud shouts and abusive epithets.

9. Bendy came up full of glee, played round his man, watching for his opportunity to place his left; this at last offered, and caught Caunt on the old wound; he ducked his head to avoid the return, and dropped.

10. More sly manœuvering on the part of Bendy, who, after dancing about at arm's length, stole a march, and caught Caunt a stinging smack with his left on the right cheek, drawing more claret, and giving the big un more of the tragedy hue. Caunt closed, flung Bendy by main strength and fell on him.

11. Bendy popped in his left on the jaw, and his right on the body, and fell. Caunt dropped on his knee close to his man, but luckily did not touch him.

12. Bendigo retreated from Caunt's vigorous charge and slipped down, but instantly jumped up again and renewed the round; after some wild fighting, but no execution worth recording, Bendy went down in his corner amidst cries of "foul," "unmanly," &c.

13. Caunt on coming to the scratch, let fly with his left, just grazing the top of Bendy's scalp; a sharp rally followed and counter hits were exchanged; Bendy hitting Caunt with such terrific force on the old spot, on the right cheek, that he knocked him clean off his legs, thus gaining the *first knock-down blow*, amidst the deafening shouts of the Nottingham boys. Such was the force of Bendigo's blow that he actually rebounded back against the stake, and Caunt was picked up almost stunned by the severity of the visitation.

14. Bendy elated with his handy-work in the last round, again dashed in his left, but not being sufficiently quick in his retreat, Caunt caught him round the neck with his left, lifted him to the ropes, and there hung on him till, in trying to escape from his grasp, he pulled him forward, threw and fell heavily on him, amidst the indignant shouts of his opponents.

15. Bendy came up as lively as a kitten, while Caunt undismayed came smiling to the scratch. Caunt plunged in left and right, but missed: he then seized his man for the throw, but Bendy slipped round, and seizing Caunt by the neck, pulled him down.

16. Bendy tried his left-handed dodge, but missed, and retreated. Caunt followed him to his corner, hitting out right and left, but throwing his hands too high. Caunt grappled for the fall, but Bendy got down: Caunt following suit, and, as he sat on the ground, beckoning him to come to him.

17. Bendy made himself up for mischief, and played round his man for a few seconds, when, getting within distance, he delivered a terrific hit with his left on Caunt's mouth, and fell. Caunt's upper lip was completely split by this blow, and the blood flowed from the wound in torrents, while renewed cheers of exultation from the Nottingham division evinced their delight.

18. Bendy again came the artful dodge, put in his left on Caunt's mouth and fell. Caunt pointed at him, but Bendy laughed and nodded.

19. Bendy, more cautious, kept out, Caunt rushed to him hitting out left and right, but with little effect. Bendy retreated; Caunt caught him on the ropes, and hung on him till he fell. [More shouting and screeching at Caunt, and "the roughs" flourishing their bludgeons like madmen.

20. Caunt, anxious to be at work, advanced; while Bendy retreated to the ropes, where he hit up with his left and dropped. Caunt was retiring when Bendy jumped up, pursued him, and had another slap at him. Caunt turned round and caught him under his arm as he attempted to escape, lifted him to the ropes, and there held him till he fell amidst the infuriated cries of Bendy's friends.

21. Caunt prompt to the call of time; his hands well up, but Bendy again stole a march, popped in his left, and slipped down to avoid a return of the compliment. [Indignant expressions at this unmanly mode of terminating the rounds.]

22. Bendy was still free from punishment, and looked as fresh as when he entered the ring; while Caunt, although firm and active on his pins, showed heavy marks of punishment on his frontispiece---his cheek with a gaping wound—his lip split—and eye and nose evincing the consequences of Bendy's sly but stinging visitations. Caunt impatient at Bendy's out fighting, rushed to hit left and right, but Bendy, unwilling to try the weight of superior metal, slipped down, and Caunt fell over him, but not on him, as his friends anticipated, and as, perhaps, he intended.

23. Both fresh; after a little dodging, advancing, retreating, Bendy nailed Caunt with his left on his damaged kissing trap. Caunt caught him a slight nobber on the head with his left, and Bendy got down.

24. Bendy again played round his man till within distance, when he popped in a heavy blow on the ribs with his left and slipped down without a return. There was an immediate cry of "foul," and an appeal was made to the referee; he hesitated, amidst, tumultuous cries of "fair! fair!" and allusions to the size of Caunt. The uproar was terrific, and the inner circle was completely overwhelmed by the "roughs" from without rushing in to enforce their arguments in favor of Bendy. At last the referee decided "fair," and "time" was called.

25. (Nick Ward was here so overcome by his exertions that he was taken out of the ring, and his office was filled by Nobby Clarke.) The moment time was called, and Bendy reached the scratch, Caunt rushed to him left and right, and after slight and wild exchanges with the left, Bendy threw himself down—certainly in violation of the rules of fair fighting.

26. Bendy popped in his left on Caunt's mug, and retreated to the corner of the ring. Caunt followed him with so much impetuosity that he hit his hand against the stake. In the close and scramble for the fall, Bendy succeeded in pulling Caunt down, falling with him.

27. Bendy stepped in, delivered his left on the old spot, and dropped to avoid; Caunt shaking his finger at him as he retired to his corner.

28. Caunt attempted to lead off with his left, but Bendy retreated to the ropes, over which Caunt forced him, and as he lay upon him, both still hanging on the lower rope, Bendy hit up with his left. In this position they lay till released by their seconds.

29. Caunt let fly left and right and fell on his knees.

30. Both fought wildly. In the end Bendy slipped down.

31. Bendy resumed his hitting and getting down system.

32. The same game repeated. Spring, indignant, appealed to the referee, and Molyneaux, in like manner, called on the umpires for their decision. They disagreed, and Molyneaux ran to the referee. A blow was aimed at Spring's head with a bludgeon, which fortunately only fell on his shoulder. The referee declared nothing unfair. Tremendous confusion. Sticks in operation in all directions.

33. A short round, in which Bendy retreated, and Caunt following, caught him at the ropes and threw him over, falling on him.

34. Bendigo again popped in his left, and threw himself down.

35 and 36. Not much done.

37. Bendy tried his hit and get down practice, but Caunt seized him round the neck, threw, and fell over him.

38. A wild and scrambling rally, in which Bendigo caught it on the nob. After a wild scramble they fell, Caunt within and Bendigo without the ropes, when each put his tongue out at the other like angry boys.

39. A slight exchange of hits with the left, when Bendy went down laughing.

40. Bendy popped in his left on Caunt's ancient wound, his right on the ribs, and slipped down.

41. Bendy renewed his lift-handed visitation, and was retreating, when Caunt rushed after him, caught him at the ropes, over which he threw him, and fell on him. (A blow was here aimed at Caunt's head by one of the "roughs" with a bludgeon, but it fell on Bendy's shoulder.)

42. Exchanges of hits left and right, when Bendy got down.

43. Bendy manœuvred in his old way, delivered a smashing hit with his left on Caunt's throat, and went down without a return.

44. Caunt came up fresh, and rushed to the assault, but Bendy got down. Caunt indignant, jumped over him, but luckily fell on his knees beyond him, without touching him. It was assumed that he meant to jump on him, and an uproarious appeal of "*foul*" was made to the referee, which, after much confusion, he decided in the negative.

45. Bendy renewed his merryandrew curvettings, and tried his left, but Caunt seized him round the neck with his right, swung him twice round like a cat. Bendy succeeded in getting the lock with his right leg, when Caunt gave him a twist, threw, and fell heavily on him, a little to the derangement of the Nottingham heroes, who shouted most vociferously.

46. Caunt again succeeded in catching Bendy by the neck under his powerful arm, threw and fell heavily on him, but at the same time came with great force against the ground himself.

47. Caunt led off with the left, catching Bendy on the forehead. Bendy retreated, but met Caunt as he came in with his left on his distorted phiz, dropped and looked up in derision. (Appeal from this species of "generalship" seemed now to be idle, and was not repeated.)

The succeeding ten rounds were fought in the same style. Little worthy of note occurred. Each in turn obtained some trifling advantage in the hitting or falling, but neither exhibited any disposition to say "enough," although we thought that Bendigo, from his repeated falls, began to evince symptoms of fatigue. The confusion round the ring continued most annoying, although the ropes and stakes were still preserved entire. Many persons, from the pressure of those behind, were completely exhausted, and happy to beat a retreat. For ourselves we had repeatedly to bear the weight of some half dozen neighbors, to which the bodies of both Caunt and Bendigo were occasionally added as they fell over the ropes upon us. During all this time the members of the London Ring, with one or two exceptions (Macdonald and Johnny Broome in particular) were perfectly quiescent, and looked on with modest timidity, evidently afraid to interfere with the "club law" of Nottingham bands, who were regularly organized, and obeyed the signals of their leaders with a discipline worthy of a better cause.

58. Bendigo "jumped Jim Crow" round his man, tipped him a left-handed smeller, and dropped without a return.

59. Caunt followed Bendigo to the corner of the ring, hitting out left and right, but without precision, and certainly without doing any execution. Bendy nailed him with his left in the old style and slipped down, but instantly jumped up to renew the round. Caunt, instead of stopping to fight, considering the round over, ran across the ring towards his corner. Bendy after him, till they reached the ropes, and, after a confused scramble, in which Bendy used his left and right behind Caunt's back, both were down, amidst general expressions of distaste at this style of fighting, and loud applause for Bendy.

60. Caunt no sooner on his legs than he went to his man, but Bendy escaped his intended compliments, left and right, threw in his left on the mouth, and dropped. Caunt falling over him.

61. (One hour and twenty-four minutes had now elapsed, but there were still no symptoms of an approaching termination to the battle. Each appeared fresh on his pins, and strong, and although Caunt showed awful flesh wounds on his dial, there was nothing to diminish the hopes of his friends. Bendy exhibited but a few slight contusions, and although no doubt shaken by the falls and his own repeated prostrations, he appeared as active and leary as ever). Caunt, anxious to be at work, rattled to his man, hitting left and right, but Bendy retired and fell back across the ropes.

62. Bendy again on the retreat, Caunt after him, hitting wildly, and without precision left and right. Bendy gave him an upper pop with his left, and slipped down. Caunt was retiring, when Bendy jumped up again to renew active operations, but Caunt dropped on his knees, looked up in Bendy's face, grinning, as much as to say, would you? And Bendy, deeming discretion the better part of valor, contented himself with shaking his fist and retiring to his corner.

63. Caunt let fly, left and right, but missed his blows. Both slipped down on their knees in the struggle which followed, and laughed at each other. In Caunt's laugh, from the state of his lips, there was little of the comic.

64. Bendy renewed his hanky panky tricks, and trotted round his opponent. Caunt rushed to him, but he retreated to the ropes, hit up, and dropped, but instantly rose again to renew the round. Caunt was with him, but he again got down, falling over the bottom rope, and Caunt narrowly escaping, dropping with his knee on a tender part.

65. Bendy again dropped his left on the sly on Caunt's damaged phiz, and went down—Caunt fell over him, jumped up and retired to his corner.

66. A slight rally, in which wild hits were exchanged, and Bendy received a pop on the mouth, which drew the claret. Bendy dropped on one knee—but although Caunt might might have hit him in this position, he merely drew back his hand, and retired.

67. Bendy came up cautious, keeping at a distance for a few seconds, when he slyly approached, popped in a tremendous body blow with his left, and dropped, as if from the force of his own delivery, but evidently from a desire to avoid the return. Caunt winced under the effect of this hit.

68. Caunt quickly advanced to his work, but Bendy retreated to his corner, waited for him, popped in a slight facer, and in a wild scramble, got down.

69. Bendy threw in another heavy body blow with his left, and was going down, when Caunt, with great adroitness, caught him round the neck with his left arm, lifted him completely off the ground, and holding him a few seconds, fell heavily on him.

70, 71, 72, 73. Srambling rounds, in which wild exchanges took place, and Bendy slipped down, as usual, to avoid punishment.

74. Caunt to the charge, and Bendy on the retreat to the corner, when Bendy succeeded in flinging in his left with terrific force on Caunt's damaged cheek, and dropped.

75. Bendy again on the retreat, till he came to the ropes, over which he was forced, Caunt on him.

76. Caunt planted his left on Bendy's pimple and he slipped down.

77. A scrambling round, in which both hit wildly, and without effect. Caunt in vain tried to nail his man with his right; he was always too high, and Bendy went down. [The uproar without the ring was tremendous, and whips and sticks were indiscriminately applied.]

78. Bendy, after some dodging, delivered his right heavily on Caunt's body, and got down. It was a fearful smack.

79. Caunt led off with his left; Bendy ducked to avoid, and in the close both were down. Bendy was too cunning to allow his opponent the chance of the throw.

80. Bendy made his favorite sly hit with his left on Caunt's smeller, and slipped down, without the account being balanced. [Time was very inaccurately kept, a minute, instead of half that time, being, frequently allowed.]

81. Bendy again displayed symptoms of fatigue, and was tenderly nursed. On coming to the scratch, however, he planted his left on Caunt's carcase and slipped down.

82. Caunt led off; Bendy retreated to the ropes and fell backwards, stopping, but instantly jumped up to recommence hostilities, when Caunt literally ran across the ring, with his head down, Bendigo after him, hitting him on the back of his neck. At length Caunt reached his corner, and in the scramble which followed, and in which Caunt seemed to have lost his presence of mind, both went down, amidst contemptuous shouts at the imputed pusillanimity of "The Champion."

83. Bendy, on the retreat, hit up. Caunt returned the compliment on Bendy's mouth with his left, and on Bendy attempting to get down, he caught him round the neck with undiminished strength, pulled him up, threw him over, and fell heavily on him.

84. Bendy, on being lifted on his second's knee, showed blood from the mouth, and was certainly shaken by the last fall. Still he comes up boldly, but cautiously. Caunt rattled to him left and right but he retreated towards the stake, which Caunt caught with his right as he let fly at him, and Bendy slipped down, receiving a body flap as he fell.

85 Caunt rushed to his man, but Bendy, on his attempting to close, got down, unwilling to risk another heavy fall. He was obviously getting fatigued from his exertions, and the excessive heat of the sun. (The uproar was now greater than ever, the referee was driven into the ring, and the roaring and bawling in favor of Bendigo and in contempt of Caunt was beyond description.)

86. The Nottingham hero came up, nothing daunted, but with evident determination to continue to play the old soldier. Caunt, as usual, evinced a desire to get at his man; but the latter jumped away, and, waiting his opportunity, threw in his left heavily on the big un's eye, and in escaping from the retort slipped down.

87. Caunt, although so repeatedly hit, came up fresh and strong as ever. He was incapable, however, of parrying the cunning dodges of Bendy, who again gave him a stinging rap on the cheek, and staggering back fell amidst cries of "foul," and appeals from all parties to the referee, but in the din which prevailed, no decision was obtained.

88. Two hours had now elapsed, and still there was no apparent approximation towards a termination of the combat, while the confusion that prevailed round the ring prevented anything like a dispassionate criticism of the operations within. Bendy came up slowly, while Caunt was evidently disposed to annihilate him, as, indeed, his formidable fists induced every one to believe he would have done long before, but Bendy prudently kept out of distance, until a slight opening in the guard of Caunt enabled him to jump in and deliver his left twice in succession, on effecting which he slipped down, and looked up with a triumphant leer at the mystified Caunt.

89. Bendy again made himself up for mischief, and cleverly avoiding Caunt's attempts to reach him left and right, delivered a heavy hit with his right on the champion's ribs, which was distinctly heard amidst the din, after which he dropped, and Caunt retired to his corner.

90. A close and a struggle for the fall, which Caunt easily obtained, falling heavily on his adversary, and his knee happily again escaping pressure on a vital part. From Bendy's shifty tactics it was impossible for Caunt to have avoided this accident. It however led to a fresh appeal by Johnny Hannan, on the part of Bendigo, and a contradiction by Molyneaux on the part of Caunt. The umpires disagreed, and the question having been put to the referee, amidst a horrible din raised by both parties, he decided "fair," declaring that he did not think there was anything intentional on the part of Caunt.

91. A scrambling round; a close, in which Bendy, after having delivered his left, contrived to get down, amidst fresh cries of foul and fair.

92. Exchange of hits with the left, when Bendy stopping to avoid a repetition of the blow, as he was going down struck Caunt a heavy blow considerably below the waistband, and not far distant from a delicate part of his person. Bendy fell on his back at the moment, while Caunt dropped his hands to the place affected and fell, as if seriously injured and in great pain. An indescribable turmoil ensued, shouts of "foul, foul," and "fair, fair," escaped from a "thousand tongues and a thousand pair of lungs," many evidently influenced by their wishes, and not their convictions. There is no doubt that the blow, according to the rules of the Ring, was foul; but that it was intentional we cannot say, as it was struck when Bendy was in the act of falling. At last, the umpires disagreeing, made the customary appeal to the referee, who, almost deafened by the roaring of the multitude, finally said he had not seen the blow, and consequently could not pronounce it foul. The seconds immediately returned to their principals, and time being called, commenced the

93d and last round. The men were quickly at the scratch, and Caunt commenced operating left and right, catching Bendigo slightly on the forehead. Bendigo was forced back upon the ropes almost in a recumbent position, but got up and was again knocked down, when Caunt turned from him, considering the round had been concluded. Bendy, however, awake to every chance of administering punishment, jumped up, as he had done before, and, rushing after Caunt, who was half turned from him, was about to let fly, when Caunt dropped on his nether end, evidently disinclined to renew or continue that round; and now a final, and as it turned out a decisive appeal was made to the referee (not by the umpires, but by Jem Ward, Hannan and others), who, with very little hesitation, pronounced the fatal word "*Foul!*" declaring that *he considered Caunt had deliberately gone down without a blow, and had therefore violated the rules of the Ring, and lost the fight.* This verdict was hailed with the loudest vociferations by the 'roughs,' and Bendy without further delay was borne from the scene of his unexpected triumph by his partisans, and carried to his carriage amidst reiterated acclamations. So sudden was this issue to the affair, that thousands were for some time unable to discover who was the real victor, many imagining that the foul blow in the previous round had led to the decision being against Bendy. It was only to those immediately contiguous to the ring that the true state of the case was known; and the mortification and disappointment of the friends of Caunt, who stood up immediately afterwards to renew the fight, were beyond description—Caunt himself, as well as Spring and his seconds, were incredulous as to the result. But personal application to the referee, who had escaped from the rabble, left no doubt on the subject. He declared that he had seen Caunt go down without a blow, and that upon his conviction of the unfairness of such conduct he had pronounced against him. Spring remarked that there had been clearly an exchange of blows; that to all appearance the round had been finished; and that when Caunt went down, he did so from a determination not to be taken by surprise, or to renew the struggle till "time" was again called. The referee said in answer he was not aware of this fact, nor had such a representation been made to him. He judged from what he saw in the overwhelming difficulties in which he was placed, and he had given his decision accordingly. He had been chosen referee by both parties, and he had accepted the office against his own inclination. In discharging his duty he had done so impartially, to the best of his abilities, and certainly had no bias in favor of either one man or the other. What he had said could not now be recalled, and therefore the business was at an end. (We must here repeat that the umpires were not consulted, nor did they express any difference of opinion. It was the duty of the referee to have withheld his decision till properly appealed to, not by the interested partizans, but by the appointed officials, who were on the other side of the ring from him, and could hold no immediate communication with him. He ought to have been placed between those persons. He was clearly bullied and hurried into a premature judgment; had he been allowed to reflect, we are persuaded he would have hesitated in pronouncing a fiat which the state of Bendigo rendered also indispensible to his success.)

The time occupied by the battle was two hours and ten minutes. Few bets were made as to the time the fight would occupy, and those certainly not having reference to so long a period as that recorded. We heard that long odds were taken that Caunt won in half an hour, and others that Bendy would not be licked, if at all, in one hour, and these are of course settled by the issue of the fight, as well as the first blood and the first knock down blow, both of which were properly booked to Bendy. On Bendy reaching his carriage, we are informed he was dreadfully exhausted from the repetition of heavy falls to which he had been exposed, as well as his own continued exertions under a broiling sun, but his punishment being of comparatively a trifling description, he soon recovered on the application of proper restoratives. The only visible marks of the visitation of Caunt to his "crarium" were a cut over the right eye, a few contusions on the cheek, mouth, scalp, and forehead, and a little enlargement of his muscular organs. He was quickly conveyed from the ground to his "quarters," both he and his friends highly elated at the result of their operations. Caunt, on quitting the arena, although displaying convincing marks of the severity with which his opponent could use his "mawleys," was strong on his legs, but dreadfully mortified at having been thus suddenly stripped of his laurels, and deprived of the proud distinction which he had so long held. Spring, who had throughout acted as Caunt's "fides Achates," was not less mentally depressed. He was "dead beat," not only from his incessant exertions to procure "fairly" throughout the fight, and the cowardly assaults to which he was exposed, but from a perfect conviction that the decision against his man was not only premature, but utterly opposed to the rules of the ring. He lost no time in returning with Caunt to the Cock of Stoney Stratford, and the great event of the day having been concluded, the immense multitude followed suit.

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HARRISON TRENT, Proprietor.
FRANK QUEEN, Editor.

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All orders should be addressed to HARRISON TRENT, proprietor of the NEW YORK CLIPPER, No. 150 Fulton street.

Answers to Correspondents.

Thomas Mainwell, Lansingburgh, N. Y.—"i am a yung man jus commencin toe rite fur thee papers & i thot u mite want sum bodey toe helpe u toe rite in thee clipper & ef u du i wil bee verrey gladd toe helpe u & nott ask mutch monney fur mi rittin ether i wil bee willin fur toe cum toe new york ef u want mee toe & rite on anney subjek u want mee toe i hev got a book bout fightin it is caled thee fistina whitch i wil bee willin toe lett u sea ef i rite fur u i wount ask a grate deel i onley want a plac whur i can cultivite mi talleants u ean lett mee no in yure paper or u can lett mee no bi leter ef u shoud wan mee toe rite poetrey i can rite it."—Not requiring any assistance at present, we must decline your offer. In order that you may finish your education with credit to Lansinghurgh, and with profit to yourself, let us kindly recommend you to exchange your book "about fightin" for a copy of "Comly's Spelling Book," and study the latter. You may, by so doing, be more competent hereafter "toe rite fur the papers."

Euchre, Rome, N.Y.—"In playing the game of 'Euchre,' four-handed, (partners,) after the dealer turns a trump and the man on his left passes, as does also the dealer's partner, and the man on the right of the dealer 'orders it up,' has the first that passed, a right to play it alone? I contend that he has not, on account that he knows by his partner's ordering that he has a good hand, and therefore can make four points. However we have agreed to abide by your decision." If we understand your question correctly, the person that first "passed" has no right to "go alone" after his partner ordered the card "up."

Stranger.—"Please inform me for what purpose, and by whom was erected the 'Sailor's Snug Harbor,' on Staten Island?" The "Sailor's Snug Harbor" is a charitable institution for aged or infirm seamen. The institution was founded in 1801, by Robert Richard Randall, of this city, and cost in its construction $115,000. A large number of the sons of Neptune, having dropped their last anchor here, have found a snug port for life. No worthy applicant has ever been rejected.

R. J. C., Rome, N. Y.—"What is the entire Naval force of the United States?" The Naval force of the United States consists of 12 ships of the line, carrying 980 guns; 14 frigates, carrying 600 guns; 21 sloops of war, carrying 402 guns; 4 brigs, carrying 40 guns; 3 schooners, carrying 4 guns; 16 steamers carrying 74 guns; and 5 storeships, carrying 24 guns. Total vessels, 75. Total guns, 2124.

Amateur.—"Admitting Messrs. Barlow and Horton swift runners, what time do you calculate the mile will be run in, in the race on the 13th of March?" If no accident happens, and the Course shall be in good order, we suppose the mile will be run in about five minutes. You can make your fractional calculations to suit yourself.

W. K., Philad.—The Clipper was enlarged with the number bearing date July 23, 1853. The Battles of the "Old Heroes!" were commenced Sept. 3, 1853. There are one or two numbers out of print. Thanks for your good opinion of the Clipper. Will be pleased to "spread" some of your contributions before our readers.

M. McGinnis.—"1. Was Bendigo ever beaten, and by whom? 2. Is it true that Jack Langan, who fought Tom Spring, is living and in this city? 4. Of what country was McCoy a native?" 1. Bendigo was defeated by Ben Caunt. 2. Jack Langan died at Liverpool, March 17, 1846. 3. No. 4. Ireland.

Astec.—RAFFLE.—"At a raffle, a few evenings ago, I made a small wager that A. would not win. A. and B., having made a tie of it, they agreed to divide the prize. Do I lose my bet?" According to a fair construction of the wager, we must give it as our opinion that you lose half your bet.

An Old Reader.—1. Yes. Johnny Walker was Champion of English Light Weights. Bill Hayes, with whom he is matched, is the present Champion. 2. The Tipton Slasher is Champion of the Heavy Weights, and Hoiles, the Spider, is Champion of the Feather Weights.

A. Jackson Doreland.—1. The answer we gave to your query in our last is the *only* answer we can truthfully give you. Mr. Gleason pays for MSS. according to the quality—he has no settled price. 2. Would be obliged to you for a copy of the prize fight between a British Soldier and a Rebel.

A Constant Reader, Newburgh.—1. Since his first appearance in the regular "Prize Ring," Yankee Sullivan has fought six battles in this country, and one in England. 2. Vince Hammond. 3. He was never defeated until beaten by Hyer.

C. W. L., Albany.—1. Sullivan, since his arrival in this country, has fought six battles, viz.: with Hammond, Bell, Secor, Robert Caunt, Hyer, and Morrissey. 2. Hammer Lane is still living.

C. A. S.—"1. Is Freestone and Barlow the same? 2. What has become of the Barlow that came on with Greenhalch? 3. What is that Barlow's first name?" 1. Yes. 2. We believe he is in England at present. 3. William.

A. B. C.—The Chrystal Palace Exhibition is yet open.

W. A. Watson.—EUCHRE.—In playing the game of Euchre, Diamonds being trumps, of course the Jack of Diamonds is the highest card in the pack.

Bobby.—We suppose there will be a charge of about 50 cents for those wishing to enter the enclosure to see the one mile race, on the Union Course, between Barlow and Horton.

Jacob.—We do not know the person you refer to, but suppose you can obtain the desired information by application at the box office of the Theatre.

Buffalonian.—The set of "Boxiana" noticed in our paper last week consists of five volumes, edited by Pierce Egan, and is valued at $35.

True Blue.—The fight to take place on the 26th of April, will not infringe on any of the ordinances of this State.

Clipper, Newburgh.—ALL FOURS.—You lose—he can trump, although he has the suit led in hand.

Nebuchadnezzer.—It would be a violation of an existing ordinance, and would render you liable to a suit at law.

Cornish man.—Coit refused to meet the gentleman you refer to, according to the rules of wearing a jacket.

John Cunningham, Philad.—The work you refer to is in five volumes, is illustrated, and the price $35.

Wm. S. Mathews, Hartford, Conn.—We intend publishing the work in book form in a few weeks.

Flints, Philad.—In, if there is room; otherwise, next week. Have not all the back Nos.

M. M. L.—Freeman, the Americcn Giant, was *six feet, ten and a half inches in height.*

Tom J.—The fight between Awful Gardner and Allan McPhee, took place Oct. 18, 1847.

H. B.—Tom Spring was born on the 22d of February, 1795.

J. Donnelly.—We have no record of the affair you speak of.

William Mirror.—Mr. Charles Ottignon never fought a prize fight.

S. R.—Jem Belcher was Champion of England in 1803.

Bravo.—Take our advice, and do not enter into such a speculation.

Washington.—1. Ben Caunt never fought with Sullivan. 2. We don't know.

Excelsior.—We know nothing of the modus operandi.

John Hampson, Yonkers—Communication in.

M. J.—Correct. Thank you.

Y. Y.—It is a draw bet.

Newark.—No.

The Perham Gift Excitement.

Our city has been in a great ferment of excitement since the announcement was made, on Wednesday of last week, that shareholders in the Perham Lottery would receive their orders for prizes on application at the office in Georgetown, D. C. The different express agents were enlisted in the cause of redemption; private speculators entered the field for a chance at the pickings, and offered to attend to the delivery of tickets in Georgetown for the trifling sums of 6, 10 and 12½ cents; and even Uncle Sam did a good share of the work at very low rates; in fact, the modes of conveyance to and from the scene of action were numerous, and the terms cash. As every third person you met in the street was interested in the great "do," it is not to be wondered at that Tom, Dick and Harry were exceedingly anxious to know how each other had fared in the distribution; and Susan, Jane, and Mary Ann were on nettles until the postman delivered into their hands "missives from Georgetown." Although thousands of orders for prizes have been received in this city, it is a matter of impossibility to get a glimpse at a single order, which fact leads to the supposition that a great majority, if not *all* of those orders are for copies of *the book*, the "Hand-book to the Mirror." There have been all sorts of reports flying about, Dick Jones saying that he heard Dan Brown say that Josephine Little had understood from Kate Johnson that Bill Simmons had heard a letter-carrier tell another that a "man not drives a coal cart" in Greenwich street was at a house with a load of coal last Saturday morning, and he heard Mrs. Dusenberry say to Mrs. Jemima Peckworthy that "Old Jones," the soap-fat man, had got the farm. Bill Stebbins said that a man in Fulton street had got the horse, sure. Mrs. Diaphram, the keeper of a "cheap boarding-house," said that one of her boarders told her that a man over in the 8th avenue had got "the Mirror;" and Billy Jinkins, who knows one of the committee, said he had received a letter from "one who knows," and that the committee, who had amongst them some 200 tickets, had been lucky enough to draw the farm, the horse, the Mirror, 6 pianos, 15 gold watches, and other trifling prizes, *only one book* being among the number! A gentleman, said to be the possessor of 100 tickets, received 100 orders for prizes—"and what do you think?" said he, in telling a friend of his success; "what do you think they amounted to?" "Really, I have no idea," replied his interested friend—"at least one good prize, I should judge." "Not a damn thing but books," says he; "when I opened the first envelope, and found an order for a book, I thought surely the next would be something better, but I opened the next, and the next, until I came to the last, and *even that* was a book; and to make the matter worse, in each envelope was a card from the committee *congratulating me on my good fortune!*"

If nothing else results from the enterprise, the affair has caused more fun than even Dodge's famous Concert at Tripler Hall, a couple of years since. It is the table-talk of boarding-houses—boarders, in the excitement of expectation, neglecting to make their customary complaints as to the tough quality of the beef steak, or the staleness of the bread—in fact, "cheap meat for boarders" goes down without the least opposition. There is a mutual reciprocity of good feeling between the landlady and her boarders; and the latter, in their kindness of heart, actually allow the former to introduce another boarder into the room in the attic already occupied by Smith, Wilkins, Old Gumbile, and the man what pays his board in advance. Take it all in all, Mr. Perham is a benefactor of the human race; and even if he *does* look out for No. 1 in the distribution, he is not the only one.

By next week it is hoped our fellow-citizens will be relieved of the suspense in which they have been kept for the last six months. Should this be the case, a procession of the recipients of prizes will take place, in the following order:

FIRST DIVISION.
Grand Marshal.
Famed Brass Band,
By the kind permission of the Franklin Museum.
First Regiment of Shareholders,
With Banner, bearing the inscription
"We mourn our "loss."
Stage Drivers' Concert Band,
From the Portico of the American Museum.
Second Regiment of Shareholders,
With Banner.
"Our tickets—they were not for a day, but for all time."

SECOND DIVISION.
Jeemes Bennett—on a blind horse.
A Private Secretary on an ass.
Deputation of newspaper proprietors who took Perham tickets in pay for advertising.
Banner.
"Tis the danger of our citizens that prompts us to duty."
Band—the Blind Piper, from the Park.
Hollow Square of Armed Horsemen,
In the

The Wright Burglary.

Of the thousands who have read the account of the burglary at the house of Mr. Wright, in Philadelphia, scarcely one person in ten believes that a burglary was committed, much less that it was attended with all the horrifying incidents so minutely narrated by Mr. Wright. It is preposterous to suppose that a man of sound mind, with a pistol in his hand, would calmly stand by and see men breaking, destroying and stealing his property, and also see those men pass by him up stairs, where females and children, unable to defend themselves, were lying in bed, and not make an effort to prevent it. A shot or two, at the proper moment, would have alarmed the burglars, and brought assistance to Mr. Wright. We think the burglary will turn out to be another Barncastle robbery. In this case, it will be remembered, Barncastle, after robbing himself, and inflicting a few scratches on his face and hands, finished the job by placing a gag in his mouth, and tying himself to the stove, or something else. The next morning, the store not being opened at the usual time, the door was forced open, and there the sufferer was beheld *writhing in his agonies!* This took place at the corner of 4th and Walnut streets, Philadelphia; and directly in front of Mr. Barncastle's store was a watchman's box; the watchman, as a natural consequence, was severely reprimanded for his neglect of duty in allowing the store to be robbed, and was well nigh losing his situation; but subsequent events proved that Mr. Barncastle had not been robbed, except so far as a robbery can be said to be a robbery where a man robs himself. The object in view was clearly proved, and the watchman who had been censured was restored to favor, while Mr. Barncastle was restored to another place.

We consider the *Wright* story altogether *wrong*, and we have no hope that the burglars will ever be discovered. It is such cases as these that bring the police department into disrepute, and cause our citizens to tremble for their own safety even within the precincts of their quiet homes.

Sparring Exhibition of Mike Murphy and Jemmy Trainer.

The Exhibition given by Mike Murphy and Jemmy Trainer, took place on Tuesday evening, of last week, in Brooklyn. The room was well filled, and the gentlemen for whose benefit the exhibition was given must have been well pleased with the result.

The "ball" was opened by H. McLaughlin and C. Conner of Brooklyn. Flood and Sweetman next appeared. These were followed by Jim McIntyre, of New York, and D. Kilfeather, of Liverpool. These gentlemen displayed good science, and were no ways backward in giving and taking. Barney Lunny, of New York, and Scooty, of Brooklyn, went into downright milling, and the blows from each fell upon the other both thick and fast. McDonnel, of Liverpool, and Haggerty of New York, also did justice to the occasion. The next set-to was between Harry Gribben and Molineaux---the beautiful hits, counters and stops in this set-to excited the admiration of the entire audience, and the pugilists were loudly applauded during the passage at arms. Redden and McCafferty were next introduced to the audience, and seemed to please those present. By far the most beautiful and artistic set-to of the evening, however, was that between Mike Murphy and Jemmy Trainer. The latter appeared in his regular fighting costume, and made a very fine appearance. The manner in which each man went into work in this set-to, showed that they meant work, and that they intended to give an idea of a regular battle. Loud applause and cheering greeted these men on concluding the entertainments of the evening.

This exhibition was one of the best given this season, and seemed to give general satisfaction to all present. Everything was conducted in an orderly and quiet manner, and reflected credit on all concerned. Old Joe Murphy officiated as Master of Ceremonies

Harry Gribbin's Benefit.

The Sparring Exhibition for the benefit of Mr. Gribbin, at Batterman's Hall, Williamsburgh, on Monday evening, was one of the best, in a financial point of view, that has been given this season. The room was literally packed, and others were unable to obtain admittance; in fact, the audience was too large.

There was no scarcity of sparrers, and had there been sufficient room to display themselves, there would have been a continued succession of beautiful sets-to. As it was, the audience seemed delighted, and testified their satisfaction by long and loud applause. We are unable to give a full report of the doings of the evening, but cannot refrain from noticing the set-to between Harry Gribbin and Dublin Tricks. The latter gentleman has not set-to in public in a long time, and his appearance for the benefit of Harry Gribbin should feel proud, as we have no doubt he does; and we know, from the well known character of Harry, that he will only need an opportunity to show his gratitude. These gentlemen wound up the sport. Jemmy Elinor was on hand, and contributed his share towards the success of the benefit, and his aid, it is well known, goes far towards drawing together a large number of those fond of sparring.

We must claim the indulgence of the other gentlemen who appeared at the benefit, for omitting a notice of their sets-to; but want of space must be our apology.

Our Williamsburgh friends made it quite evident that they are ever ready to patronise any sporting affair that may take place in their beautiful city, and that they are not far behind the "sporters" of Brooklyn.

"Sheep Meat's good enough for Boarders!"

Reader, did *you* ever board? No? Then as you value your present comfort and future happiness, don't begin now. What those poor, destitute, benighted individuals called boarders are compelled to endure, words cannot express, tongue cannot tell. You who cozily sit by your own family firesides, and in your joyous feelings think the rest of mankind are equally happy with yourselves, know nothing of the privations and hardships endured by a boarder. "Sheep meat's good enough for boarders!" Yes, friends, sheep meat *is* good enough for boarders, and were this the only drawback to their peace of mind, right well would they bear up against the blandishments of unseasonable mutton. But there is a power behind the mutton, greater than the mutton itself---it is an unsavory smell, which can be scented by the boarder afar off---in fact the sheep meat which boarders roll under their tongues, not as dainty morsels, is the flesh of innocent animals, whose death was caused, not by the butcher's knife, but by those many *diseases* which the flesh of sheep is heir to. Consequently, *sheep* meat, by this *natural death* becomes *cheap* meat, and therefore good enough for boarders!

What do they eat it for? Oh, yes---its well enough for *you* to say what do they eat it for, but the very question betrays your ignorance. Suppose a boarder at the dinner table declines to partake of the unctuous dish, do you suppose he would fare better? No, indeed, for at tea time he enters his boarding house with a ravenous appetite, and at the first tingle of the bell he silently seats himself at the evening meal, and the first dish that greets his anxious gaze, is that infernal, never-to-be-forgotten hash! There's your discarded sheep meat again, with the scrapings from the dinner plates, all carefully cut up into mince meat, and with the aid of plenty of pepper, presented for your consideration! You are hungry---what can you do? Ah! the flesh is weak, and the stomach needs replenishing. Let us draw the curtain, for hunger tempts a man to do many things that his better nature revolts against, and we would not in such a moment intrude upon his privacy. Verily, sheep meat *is* good enough for boarders.

Shooting the Apple.

The match, said to have been made in Orleans, by Mr. Travis, to shoot an apple from the head of a living man, has caused an intense degree of excitement, and much speculation as to the ultimate result. This is not the first instance, in modern days, that this remarkable feat has been attempted. On the 14th of August 1828, Maj. G.W. Collamer shot an apple from the bare head of Mr. H. Ingram, at the distance of twenty-seven yards, with a rifle. Mr. Collamer then took his turn, and Ingram, at the same distance, shot an apple from his head. It was done in the presence of a number of respectable gentlemen, who, after fruitless attempts to stop the parties, had the satisfaction to see them come off in safety. The apples were so handsomely cut by the ball, that the juice and pomace remained in considerable quantities on the hair of their heads. This match took place in this country, and was accomplished with Yankee rifles, in the hands of Yankees.

The Target Companies of Philadelphia.

These companies appear to be getting on bravely, and we have no doubt during the present year there will be a large number of excursions. The Vigilant Target Co. made a street parade a week or two since, and presented a very fine appearance. Our Philadelphia friends must not suppose that the bad treatment received by the Fritz Guard during their recent visit here is an evidence of the manner in which other companies will be received. The Fritz Guard got into the hands of a set of persons having no connection with the Target Organization here, and it is not to be wondered at that the treatment they met with should have disgusted many disinterested citizens, who would gladly have taken charge of the Philadelphians, but for the publicity it would have given to the affair. It was natural that the Fritz Guard should put the best face on the matter on their return home in order to avoid the taunts of their enemies, but the truth will out sooner or later.

Jack Martin's Benefit.

Mr. Martin gave a Sparring Exhibition on Tuesday evening last, at Merrott's "Sportsman's Hall," No. 49 Madison street. The exhibition was well attended, and the audience seemed well satisfied with the entertainment. We have not room for a more lengthy notice in this week's paper.

PEDESTRIANISM.

Matches to Come.

March 13—Barlow and Horton, one mile, on the Union Course, L. I., for $500 aside.

March 13—Williams and Dorcy, quarter of a mile, Dorcy to have six yards start, Union Course, L. I., $100 aside.

March 20—Mickey Free, Barlow, Williams and Dorcy—Sweepstakes—One Mile Race, leaping over twenty-six hurdles.—McCombs Dam, $100 entrance.

The arrangements for the above matches have been completed, and the men are engaged in getting themselves in good condition for the coming events. A large amount of money has been wagered on the result of the contest between Barlow and Horton, and we have no doubt thousands of dollars will be wagered on the ground, $500 of the stake money is already in the hands of the stakeholder, and the balance is to be good on the day of the race.

The spin of a quarter of a mile between Dorcy and Williams is creating as much excitement in Brooklyn, as the mile race is in New York, and the affair is looked forward to with an equal degree of anxiety.

The hurdle leaping on the Monday succeeding the above races, will no doubt attract a numerous audience, and the competition between the pedestrians will be strong.

Jemmy Trainor.

Our young friend Jemmy Trainor will give a Sparring Exhibition at Mr. Mulligan's Grand street Hall, on Thursday evening, 2d inst., when he will be assisted by some of the best talent in New York. Mr. Tranor is an expert hand in the use of the "gloves," and as he is a stranger among us, we hope he will be liberally patronised by the sporting fraternity of this city. He will appear in the costume in which he fought and defeated the artistic Bowers. Trainor is an out-and-outer, having fought eight prize battles, in only one of which was he defeated, viz. his battle with the Spider. The present benefit is given to Mr. Trainor by his friends, as a complimentary testimonial. Those who witnessed the grand set-to in Brooklyn, a few evenings since, between Mike Murphy and Trainor, will have an opportunity to witness a similar one on this occasion, as Trainor and Mike Murphy will wind up the sports of the evening. The price of admission to Trainor's Exhibition is but 25 cents, and we doubt not the room will be crowded.

A Perham Gift.

A friend has favored us with a glimpse of an order *for one of Perham's Gifts*. That our readers may be kept "posted up" we below give a copy of the order:

THE BEARER IS ENTITLED TO RECEIVE ONE OF PERHAM'S GIFT

ENGRAVINGS

On the presentation of this order to

WM. EASTLAND,

Rear of 86 Locust street, *Philadelphia.*

IRA BUCKMAN,
ROB'T BEATTY, Sec'y. Ch'n Com.

The engraving is well worth *one* shilling, it is supposed, but our friend cannot see what advantage it will be to him to pay Adams & Co. *two* shillings to bring the said engraving on to him. We have consoled him with the assurance that others more worthy than himself of an engraving have been cut off with a "book!"

Mickey Free's Ball.

Mickey Free's Ball, at Jersey City, a few evenings since, was a curious affair. Things were progressing very nicely, until a person called "Nosey" made his appearance, and had commenced singing the "Oyster Gal," when some mischievous lads of Jersey got six or seven pounds of flour, and at a signal showered the whole of it upon poor "Nosey," who was almost suffocated. In the confusion, several packs of fire crackers were set off near the benches occupied by the females, and the latter becoming frightened, yelled as loud as they could bawl. A regular row then took place, when Mickey, thinking "discretion the better part of valor," brought in the police, and had the whole party turned out. "Nosey" is doing as well as can be expected.

Pigeon Shooting.

A match took place on Saturday last, at Hoboken, between Rowland Woolley, of Newark, N. J., and Simeon Howarth, of Yonkers, N.Y., at eight pigeons each, for $20 aside; 21 yards rise, and 80 yards boundary. The match resulted as follows:

Woolley.....	1 0 0 1 0 0 0
Howarth	1 0 0 1 1 1 1

Another match then took place on the same ground, between John Haywood, of Yonkers, and Wm. Woolley, of Newark, at three pigeons each, for a small stake. Haywood killed his third pigeon, and Woolley missed all.

James Jackson, of Yonkers, and Sam. Woolley, of Newark, then shot a match at two pigeons each, which was won by Jackson.

Squaring the Circle.

After years of fruitless labor in endeavoring to solve this mystic problem, in which the wisest men of our day have taken an active part, it was left for the pugilistic fraternity to demonstrate the fact that a *circle* can be *squared*, by referring to the *Prize Ring*.

THE RING.

The Coming Fight.

Another deposit of $100 aside for the fight to take place on the 26th of April next, was placed in the hands of the stakeholder, on Wednesday evening, 1st inst.

The next deposit of a like amount will be made good on the 16th inst.

This "mill" will be a terrific trial of strength and skill, if we may be allowed to judge by the appearance of the men, and the display of the science we have seen exhibited. Both men have fought several battles in the English Ring, and they were all well contested.

AMUSEMENTS.

The National Theatre.

There seems to be no let up to the crowds constantly thronging this favorite establishment. Night after night, is the interior filled with admiring audiences. Little Cordelia Howard, by her natural delineation of the character of the gentle Eva, in the play of Uncle Tom's Cabin, throws a spell around the spectators which holds them in silent wonder and amazement. The afternoon performances are well attended by families and others who do not care to visit places of amusement in the evening.

Now's your chance, Boys.

We clip the following advertisement from the Philadelphia Ledger of Saturday last, and supposing the information it gives will be valuable to many of our readers, we lose no time in placing it before our patrons for their future consideration:

Newly Married Couples supplied at Roberts' New Furniture Store, at reduced prices, 349 South street below Eighth.

What do you think of that, boys? Now, we do not wish to be considered greedy or selfish, but as we first discovered this manufactory, we think we are entitled to the first choice, and therefore will be exceedingly happy if Mr. Roberts will supply us, at reduced prices, with a *brace* of newly married *couples*; females preferred. Man and money ready at this office.

The Wrestling Match.

Much to the disappointment of a large number of the sporting fraternity, the match announced to take place in Brooklyn, on Monday last, between Coit and Nelson, fell through; the latter, we understand, refusing to meet Mr. Coit. What is the matter with the great wrestlers? Has Mr. Coit frightened them off the track, or are their funds low? Coit is willing to meet any man large or small, light or heavy, according to his challenge, viz: side holds, best out of three falls.

YACHTING.

We anticipate some glorious sport in the yachting world during the approaching season. New yachts are building, old ones repairing, and preparations making to do some "tall" sailing. This is right, for the Philadelphians are busily engaged in brushing up old craft, and building new ones, and they expect by the aid of the latter, to achieve a victory over our "fast sailers." We shall see.

Post Office Advertising.

The Herald, not having as large a circulation as it had this time last year, has again been defeated in the race for the advertising of the "List of Letters." We suppose the Daily Times is accountable, in some measure, for the falling off in the circulation of the Herald

Wrestling.

A Mr. Henry, of Paris, who is considered the first wrestler of the Imperial Circus, lately arrived in London, and immediately sent forth a challenge, offering to give a gold watch to any one who would throw him. He also offered to throw any four or five men who might wish to try their powers with him, one after another.

Artful Dodgers.

Barnum and Genin are making efforts, it is said, to be elected Directors of the Crystal Palace Exhibition Barnum bought 100 shares of stock in the concern, at $30 per share, and hence his anxiety for a reorganization.

The "Pewter Mug."

A gentleman named Brown has assumed the office of proprietor of the world-renowned "Pewter Mug," in Frankfort street, and is confident of his ability to *fill it*.

Reward.

We will give three cheers for any man who succeeds in laying hands upon the person of Mr. Perham.

N.B.—The said hands are not to be taken off until Mr. Perham is delivered into our hands for future action. No questions asked.

Poulson and Paddock.

The fight between these two big 'uns was to have taken place near London on the 14th of February. Should we receive a report in season, we will publish it in next week's Clipper.

Christy's Minstrels.

The "Old Spot," 472 Broadway, continues the favorite resort of the lovers of minstrely. New attractions, original jokes, and beautiful singing help to while away an evening pleasantly and agreeably.

Buckley's Minstrels.

This company produced on Monday evening last a new burlesque on the opera of the "Bohemian Girl," introducing all the principal "gems of the opera." The success attending the efforts of this company must be exceedingly gratifying to the members.

It won't pass.

As the Herald is favorable to the Liquor Law now under consideration in the Legislature of this State, its defeat is rendered almost certain. The boot used to be on the other leg, but "that's no matter."

Gone in.

Jemmy Twitcher, the Private Secretary to John Smith, has almost "gone in," supposed from a pressure of water on the spot where the brain ought to be.

Dan Donnelly.

We commence on the first page of this week's Clipper, the Life and Battles of Dan Donnelly, Champion of Ireland.

THE BALL SEASON.

Washington Engine Company No. 1, of Brooklyn.

We were present at the Ball given by this Company, on Wednesday evening, February 22d, at Gothic Hall, and were greatly pleased to observe such a large turn out on the occasion. The Orchestra was tastefully decorated with emblems of the Fire Department, and the room presented a gay appearance. Each and all those present, no doubt, spent a delightful evening, and will long remember the Ball of the "fire laddies" of No. 1. To Mr. P. Lahey, Foreman of the Company, belongs the credit attached to the manner in which the arrangements for the ball were carried out.

Wallace Guard.

The Ball of this Company took place on Wednesday evening, February 22d., at the Hudson Exchange, corner of 10th avenue and 30th street. The assemblage was large, and the appearance of the ladies, of whom there was a goodly number, was brilliant. Among those present may be enumerated Miss M—w's, of Clarkson street, and Miss C—ll, of 9th avenue, each of whom was attired in a rich scarlet satin dress, which seemed to set off those ladies to advantage. Miss M--- T---, of 10th avenue, Miss S---y, of the same street, Miss B---n, of 29th street, were generally admired. The Misses R---ly's, of 21st st., also received marked attention. Mr. F---n and lady were present, and the latter was looked upon as the most beautiful lady present; her sister, Mrs. Z---y, was in company with the above couple. Messrs. Robert Martin and George Prentice, with their ladies, were present. G. Fagen and lady enjoyed themselves exceedingly, as also did Mr. Brophy and lady. Mr. Kilfoil officiated as director of ceremonies.

After supper, Lieutenant Fagan, on behalf of the company, presented to Mr. Kilfoil, a beautiful set of silver, valued at $150. Mr. K. returned thanks in a neat and appropriate speech.

Pistol Shooting Extraordinary.

The New Orleans Picayune of Feb. 12th, says:

A most remarkable feat at pistol shooting occured on Friday night, at Cullum's Lake House, end of the Shell Road, in which Capt. John Travis "shuffed a candle" twelve times successively at twelve paces. A bet of $500 was made that he could not do it; but some of the captain's friends backed him that he could, and sure enough he "brought them out." Capt. Travis had no part of the bet, as we understand. The agreement was, that any shot touching the stem of the candle should be counted as "no shot." The shooter made thirteen shots—one touching the stem. The twelve that snuffed the candle could have been covered on the iron plate behind the candle with a fifty-cent piece! We call this extraordinary shooting.

The Great State Post Stake at New Orleans

As great curiosity has been excited, and many inquiries have been made, both here and elsewhere, in relation to "The Great Post State Stake," which will be run for in this city, over the Metarie Course, on the first day of April next, we have thought to interest our sporting readers throughout the country with a short description of the origin, terms, present prospects, and probable brilliant results connected with it. This race will, without doubt, be the greatest sporting event which has ever taken place in this country, and it has probably never been exceeded in magnitude by any single race throughout the world. Who does not recollect the excitement caused throughout the world by the contest between the yacht America and her English rivals? Who that witnessed the great matches between Eclipse and Henry, between Boston and Fashion, or between Wagner and Gray Eagle, can ever forget the circumstances attending these great events. In the State and national pride enlisted? in the amount of money at stake, in the number of horses, both in preparation and that will run in the race, and in the probable number of spectators who will be present, this anxiously looked for race will eclipse all others that have preceded in this country. The project of this "State Stake" originated with several gentlemen from different sections of the country, who chanced to meet in this city during the past racing season. Each was very "sweet" on the merits of the race horses in the different parts of the country, and in his preference for favorite strains of pedigrees in blooded animals. "The Great State Stake," for $20,000, play or pay, with four States represented, was the result. The following are the conditions of the Stake and the subscribers:—

STATE POST STAKE.—For all ages. Four mile heats. Five thousand dollars subscription, p p. Three or more States subscribing to make a race. Each horse starting to receive $1,000 out of the stakes, provided he is not distanced, and the winner to receive the remainder. One horse only to start for any State. To close on the 1st of January 1854. The race to be run on the Metairie Course, New Orleans, according to the rules of said course, on the Saturday previous to the April race week for 1854. Each State subscribing to be represented by the signatures of three responsible gentlemen, residents of said State, a majority of whom shall name the horse to start. The stakes to be deposited with the President of the New Orleans Metarie Jocky Club two days previous to the race.

Subscribers for the State of Louisiana—T. S. Wells, D. F. Kenzer, J. Hiddleston.

Subscribers for Alabama—L. E. Smith, S. M. Miller, J. S. Hunter.

Subscribers for Kentucky--Wilia Viley, James K. Duke, James B. Clay.

Subscribers for Mississippi—P. B. Starke, John C. Inge, John Linton.

As the horses which will run will not be certainly known until the day of the race, we can now only guess which will have the honor of representing a sovereign State. There are now in training, in diffrent parts of the country, nearly one hundred race horses, which are expected to be present during the April race meeting in this city, and many of them are are aspirants to run in the great stake. Among these we may mention Highlander, who has been purchased by Judge Hunter, of Alabama, for $10,000; Nina, Charmer, Dick Doty, Compromise, Arrow, Lexington, Reub. Berry, Louis d'Or, Blonde, Lecomte, and Wild Irishman. Probably a million of dollars will be wagered on the different points and on the grand result of this race. Already large sums have been laid on different favorites, and on the election of other horses as candidates to represent a State A bet has been offered in this city of $10,000 that if the track and the weather are favorable on the day of the race, the time made will be faster than ever before made in the world. From the character and reputation of the horses in preparation, we think that the bet is a safe one. Aside from the great stake, there will be many other stakes and purses contested for at our spring meeting. About $50,000 in cash will be put up during the meeting, for prizes, thus affording sport in variety and profusion, besides giving horses of all grades an opportunity of adding laurels to their reputation and money to the pockets of their owners.—*N. O. Picayune, Feb.* 14.

DR. FRANKLIN'S ADVICE TO A YOUNG SPORTSMAN.

A gentleman of this description, from a too eager pursuit of the follies of high fashion, had spent the last guinea of his patrimony. At length, after receiving insults from those whom he had protected, and being denied a meal by those whom he had once fed, he received a fortune more valuable than the first. Upon the possession of it, young Nimrod waited upon the late celebrated Dr. Franklin, who had been the friend of his father, to beg his advice. "What were the causes of their late misfortunes?" enquired the doctor. "Lawyers, quacks, gamesters, and footmen," replied the applicant. "The four greatest parts of your metropolis," rejoined Franklin. "But poisons (continued the doctor) in the political, as well as medical world, nay, when judiciously applied, become antidotes to each other; my advice, therefore, is, that you remember the past conduct of the lawyers, this remembrance will teach you not to go to law and by this you will preserve your new-acquired property from chicancery; the practice of the quacks should teach you to live temperately, and by this you will escape the miseries created by those mercenary monsters; the gamester may show you the necessity of forbearance, and remind you of the old proverb, that 'only knaves and fools are adventurers;' and by this your vigilance will be excited to take care of your ready money: as to the idleness and insolence of footmen, these will teach you the pleasures of waiting upon yourself, in which you will be sure to escape the mortification of paying for torment in your own house. Go, son of my friend, ponder these antidotes, and be happy."

Anderson's Great Show Rooms.

All persons of taste should hasten to inspect the rich and elegant stock of Carpetings, Rugs, Mats, &c., now exhibited by Hiram Anderson, at his large and beautiful sales rooms No. 99 Bowery. Determined to take the lead in taste, he has recently imported some of the most superb and novel specimens of carpetings ever offered to the New York public. Finding it impossible during the past season to display advantageously in his former space the different varieties and qualities of his goods, Mr. Anderson has this season fitted up two additional splendid sales rooms, making ten in all, to which those who are desirous of seeing the most brilliant specimens of goods ever exhibited in this country, should make a visit to No. 99 Boweay. Visitors from the country should not fail to drop in at No. 99 and see the sights, which are truly worthy of the meed of approbation so lavishly bestowed by the citizens of this great emporium

Personal Beauty!

Among the most valuable attributes of beauty, whether regarded as conducive to grace of aspect in man, or as auxiliary to female loveliness, a fine, smooth, clean complexion, and hair of jet, glossy black, must ever rank among the most important elements of a favorable personal appearance. The preservation of the hair and skin have therefore ever been regarded with peculiar interest, and among the mass of preparations suggested for these desirable purposes, nothing has given as much satisfaction as the Liquid Hair Dye and celebrated Italian Medicated Soap, prepared under the personal supervision of Dr. Gouraud, whose name is as familiar to our citizens as a household word. The Italian Medicated Soap prevents chaps, chafes, &c, and is especially valuable during the present season for numerous purposes. The Cosmetics of Dr. Gouraud can be had at his office, No. 67 Walker street, first store from Broadway.

Close of Winter.

The close of winter and the advent of spring induces a solicitude on the part of man for his personal appearance and attraction, and as no article of dress sets a man off to better advantage than a neat, fashionable and well-fitting hat, it becomes at once necessary to inquire into the merits of the different styles of hats offered for sale. To our mind, the hats manufactured by Messrs. Rafferty & Leask, of No. 57 Chatham street, and corner of Chatham and Pearl, take precedence of all others, not alone for beauty and style of fashion, but for duribility and cheapness. These properties combined should be sufficient to induce those in need of the spring style of hat to repair to the stores above mentioned, and make a purchase, but in addition to this, Messrs. Rafferty & Leask present to every purchaser a dugueretype likeness of himself, without any extra charge. The likeness is fixed in the inside of the hat, and adds to the apperance of the interior.

Did you see it?

See what? Why the curiosity at "Ned's Snug Harbor," No. 362 Broome street. If you did not, go at once, and while you are there try a stew, or a fry, or a cup of coffee and plate of butter cakes, and we think you will come away wiser than you went. The liquors and refreshments at this saloon are of the best.

DANCING SCHOOL,

AT FRANKLIN HALL, CORNER OF Montgomery and Warren streets, Jersey City, on Tuesday and Thursday evenings of each week, under the direction of Mickey Free.

BIRCH'S SERENADERS.

THIS COMPANY OF NEGRO MINstrels perform at Franklin Hall, corner of Montgomery and Warren streets, on Friday evening, March 3. Rare sport. Admittance 25 cents.

SHELTON'S AMERICAN BRASS BAND.

THE ANNUAL BALL OF SHELTON'S American Brass Band will take place at the Apollo Rooms on Monday Evening, March 13th, 1854.

Tickets, one dollar; to be obtained at the Band Head Quarters, 366 Broome street, or at the door on the evening of the ball. 3t

MEDICAL DISPENSARY,

Established in 1832, by Dr. George W. Bond, in Orchard street, New York,

FOR THE CURE OF VENEREAL DISEASE IN ALL ITS FORMS.

IF YOU ARE UNFORTUNATE AND want to be cured and left in sound health, come to me, and you will receive scientific treatment, a quick cure, and moderate charge. Private rooms for each person. All post paid letters attended to. GEORGE R. BOND, M.D.,
Son and Successor to Dr. George W. Bond.
Office, corner of Orchard and Grand streets, New York. Entrance No. 65 Orchard street.
Office open day and evening. Mar 4

MEDICAL ADVISER

AND MARRIAGE GUIDE—ELEVENTH Edition, 340 pages, cloth; with nearly seventy five colored engravings—representing all the diseases of the genital organs of the male and female; the most complete and practical work on the physiological mysteries and revelations of the male and female sexual systems ever published, with the latest experiments and discoveries in Reproduction. It illustrates anatomically and fully with the plates everything pertaining to the male and female genital systems; with a full description of the causes, symptoms and most certain mode of cure of all the infirmities and diseases to which they are liable from the secret habits of youth, and excesses of maturer age, as involuntary loss of Semen and Impotency, and innocent or unforeseen affections, and those resulting from contraction, as Syphilis, (Primary and Constitutional,) Conorrhœa or Blenorhagia, (Clap) Gleet, Strictures, &c., &c., with numerous certificates of the most unparalleled cures ever performed. Every person, both married and single, should read this work.

Sold by Stringer & Townsend, No. 222 Broadway; at the Broadway Post-office. No. 422 Broadway, and by the author, M. LARMONT, Physician and Surgeon, No. 42 Reade street, corner of Broadway, New York, formerly from Paris and London. Price $1, mailed free of postage to any address, securely sealed. Address all letters box 71 Broadway Post Office, New York. Agents wanted in every town. The author cures all the diseases treated on in the work, at his old office, 42 Reade street, corner of Broadway, from 11 A.M. till 2 P.M., and from 6 till 9 in the evening. [Sunday, from 2 till 3 P. M.] N.B.—Not the Drug Store.

DR. GEORGE W. BOND'S VEGETABLE Strengthening Bitters.—The proprietor of this article in offering it to the public, offers it as a medicine that has been used by his father, in an extensive practice of twenty years, with the most wonderful success, being purely vegetable and free from all powerful stimulants. Mild in their operations, they strengthen and invigorate, instead of prostrating the system, allaying all irritability and nervous condition of the system, being a speedy and permanent cure for all diseases arising from a disordered state of the system, as Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Costiveness, Headache, Loss of Appetite, Jaundice, Palpitation of the Heart, Nocturnal Seminal Emissions, and for all weakness of the organs of generation; an antidote for all diseases incident to females, Fluor Albus or Whites, and particularly at that critical period, the turn of life. They give new life and vigor to the whole system. No family that values life and health, should be without them in their house. Persons going on long voyages, will find them an excellent article to take with them, as they are a sure remedy, always giving relief. The great demand for this article at my office, and by the advice of a number of the medical profession, has induced me to put it before the public. A trial of one single bottle will satisfy any person, even the most doubtful, that it is truly what it is represented to be. The above article is put up in half pint bottles, and put in square boxes with full directions, and the manufacturer's name written on each label. Price $1 per bottle. None genuine unless put up in the above manner; and the box goes with the bottle, in all cases. Manufactured and sold by GEORGE R. BOND, M.D.,
Son and Successor to Dr. Geo. W. Bond.
Principal Depot, No 65 Orchard, cor. of Grand street; and No. 77 Suffolk street, New York.
Wholesale Agent, WILLIAM S. DUNHAM, No 476 Broadway, white front, between Broome and Grand, New York.
And for sale at all Drug Stores throughout the city. Mar 4

THE GREATEST DISCOVERY OF THE AGE.

FARMERS, FAMILIES AND OTHERS, can purchase no remedy equal to DR. TOBIAS' VENETIAN LINIMENT, for Dysentery, Cholic, Croup, Chronic Rheumatism, Sore Throat, Toothache, Sea Sickness, Cuts, Burns, Swellings, Bruises, Old Sores, Headache, Musquito Bites, Pains in the Limbs, Chest, Back, etc.

If it does not give relief, the money will be refunded. All that is asked is a trial, and use it according to the directions.

It is an English remedy, and was used by William IV., late King of England, and certified by him as a cure for Rheumatism, when everything else had failed.

Over 10,000 bottles have been sold in the United States, without a single failure; and many have stated they would not be without it if it was $10 per bottle, in case of Croup, as it is as certain as it is applied.

It cures Cholera when first taken, in a few hours; Dysentery in half an hour; Toothache in five minutes. It is perfectly innocent to take internally, and is recommended by the most eminent Physicians in the United States. Price 25 and 50 cents.

Dr. Tobias could fill a dozen newspapers with certificates and letters relating to the wonderful cures accomplished by his Liniment, but considers warranting sufficient, as any person who does not obtain relief need not pay for it.

Dr. Tobias has put up a HORSE LINIMENT, in pint bottles, which is warranted cheaper and better than any other for Cholic, Scratches, Old Sores, Galls, Swellings, Cuts, Bruises, etc.

Price 50 cents. Dr. Tobias' Office, 60 Courtland street, New York. Mar 4.

COMPLIMENTARY

MILITARY AND CIVIC BALL to Capt. John Wildey by his friends, at the Chinese Assembly Rooms, 539 Broadway, on Monday Evening, March 6th, 1854. Tickets $1, to be obtained of any of the Committee, or at the door on the eve of the Ball. Shelton's Band is engaged for the occasion.

GEO. B. SMITH, Chairman.
C. H. KNIGHT, Secretary.

Anatomical Museum.

No. 300 Broadway.

A variety of curiosities, and wax representations of the different parts of the human form. Open day and Evening. Admittance 25 cents

Post Office, New York.—Notice.—The Mails per U. S. M. S. BALTIC, Collins Line, for Europe, will close at this office on Saturday, March 4th, 1854, at 10½ o'clock A.M.

ISAAC V. FOWLER, P.M.
February 25, 1854.

Post Office, New York.—Notice.—The Mails per U. S. M. S. OHIO Law's Line for California, via Havana, and Aspinwall, will close at this office on Monday, March 6 at 1 o'clock P.M.

ISAAC V. FOWLER, P.M.
Feb. 25, 1854.

Unparalleled Bargains!

EXTRAORDINARY ATTRACTIONS!!

At the Celebrated Largest and Cheapest CARPET ESTABLISHMENT IN THE UNITED STATES, AT

HIRAM ANDERSON'S

No. 99 BOWERY,

NEW YORK.

Importer of English and French Carpets.

Buyers will find the largest Stock of Low price and medium to the most elaborate Axbusson Moxaic, Medallion, and Velvet Carpets ever offered in the world.

TEN SPACIOUS SALES ROOMS.

Above ground, no damp Basements or Vaults under the sidewalk, to endanger the health of Lady purchasers; each Sales Room is devoted exclusively to one description of carpets. The wholesale and retail departments of this establishment have been enlarged and an addition of two extensive Sales Rooms, making a wonderful and gorgeous display.

Sales Room No. 1.

Floor Oil Cloths. An enormous stock of John Hare and Son's celebrated English oil cloths; also American floor oil cloths of magnificent Satin finish, Fresco, marble, Italian, and scroll paintings, from 2s. 6d., 3s., 4s., 5s., 6s. to 9s. per yard, from 3 feet to 24 feet wide, and 90 long."

Sales Room No 2.

Ingrain Carpets. Two hundred and fifty pieces of English and American Ingrain Carpetings, all new style, manufactured expressly for this establishment.

Sales Room No. 3.

Three Ply Carpets. English, Scotch, and American Imperial Three Ply Carpeting, of our own importation; gorgeous, splendid new style of pattern

Sales Room No 4.

Low Price Ingrain Carpets. Three hundred pieces of medium quality Ingrain carpets, beautiful, large, and small patterns, manufactured for the City trade, incredible low prices of 2s. 6d., 3s., 4s., and 5s. per yard.

Sales Room No. 5.

Rugs and Druggets. English druggets 4 yards wide 3000 yards of low priced druggets, 1 to 3 yards wide at 3s 6d to 6s per yard, also an immense assortment of mosaic landscape, Axminster, and tufted hearth Rug; also 2000 tufted Rugs at 16s to 24s each.

Sales Room No. 6.

Stair and Hall Carpets. 50,000 yards of striped and figured Hall and Stair Carpets, at 2s, 2s. 6d., 3, 3. 6d., 4s., 5s., 6s., and 7s.

Sales Room No. 7.

Medallion Carpets, with borders; Mosaic and Axminster of one entire piece, can be fitted to any sized room, from $350 to $1000.

Royal Velvet, Tapestry, and Brussels, from the celebrated factories of John Crossly & Sons, and Messrs. Henderson & Co., and others, England, all of our own importation, some of which are exclusively our own style, and cannot be found at any other establishment.

Sales Room No. 8.

Aubusson Carpets. They elicit the warmest commendations of every beholder, excel in beauty and durability, are sold at moderate prices, and introduced into the market at this establishment.

Sales Room No. 9.

Velvet, Tapestry, Brussels three ply and twilled Venitian Stair Carpeting, remarkably cheap.

Sales Room No. 10.

Patent Tapestry Ingrain Carpetings. Gold, plain, white, buff, and scroll window shades, at 6s., 12s., 20s., 40s., to $10 per pair. Table and piano covers, silver and brass stair rods, Parlor door mats, Coir matting, also 4s. 3d., 5s. 6d., White and Check Canton Matting, &c., &c.

HIRAM ANDERSON,
Jan. 21. 99 Bowery

DANCING ACADEMY.

M. KILFOIL,

GRATEFUL FOR THE PATRONAGE he has already received, tenders his sincere thanks to his numerous friends and the public generally. He would respectfully inform them that his Dancing Classes are continued as usual, at Bechtner's Hotel, 210 William street; at the Hudson Exchange, corner of 30th street and 10th avenue, and that he has opened a new Academy at National Hall, 44th street, between 8th and 9th avenue, where all the newest and most fashionable Dances, Waltzes, &c., &c., are taught, and unremitting attention paid to the improvement of his pupils, in an accomplishment, so essential to grace and elegance of manner.

New classes are forming every evening at each of the above schools, so that pupils can begin at any time, and receive the same advantages, as those who commenced at an early period of the season

DAGUERREOTYPE HATS.

RAFFERTY & LEASK

are selling their beautiful Drab, Beaver, and Pearl Felt Hats at their usual low prices of $3 and $ 4; and in addition giving each Customer his likeness in his hat, free of charge. They are the only Hatters in the U. S. that can do this. RAFFERTY & LEASK, No. 57 Chatham, opposite Chambers, and on the corner of Chatham and Pearl Streets.

MOLINEAUX HOUSE,

SPORTING HEAD-QUARTERS,

METROPOLITAN SHADES, 144 CONcord street, Brooklyn. Public Sparring every Monday and Friday evening.

N. B Private Lessons given in Sparring.

BOYS!

YOU ALL KNOW OUR SAMMY, the Calamity Water Pedlar—He now keeps a neat little Dr

Hollow Lines v. Full Lines in Yacht Building.

MR. EDITOR: The "Ship Carpenter," in his wrath at my having impeached—not his "veracity" but—the justice of his strictures upon men and yachts, English and American, overlooks the point at issue; that he, having taken arms in defence of the honor of British yacht builders, thinks fit to bring unsupported charges of braggadocia, and unsportsmanlike non-redemption of their engagements; against American and English yacht owners; and that while 'regretting his inadvertence," in not producing proof, he repeats the accusation without advancing a syllable of justificatory evidence. That further, this champion of native talent ingeniously proceeds to disparage certain productions of the most prominent English builders, Messrs. Scott, Russell, Camper and Ratsey, as "notoriously slow," &c., &c., and then he "really hesitates in supporting his statements, because they do not affect the question at issue!" Naive admission! From the fact that no yachts of the English school would be found to enter against three Americanised vessels, he derived the logical inference of the former's superiority of speed, ingeniously invigorating the performances of the latter when opposed, on the Thames, at Ryde, and at Cowes [in the match won by Julia]. His practical knowledge would appear to be as erratic as his matter of fact statements, when we hear that "Titania's defect in her decks was not the only reason for shortening her masts," and that in calling the Arrow one of the deep keel, heavy ballast system, he "only intended to mean that she was not on the American, or light draught of water system," superfluous information, seeing that she was built 30 years previous to the introduction of the said system, since which latter event, having been lengthened, she is, according to the "Carpenter," "as unlike the original vessel as it is possible to be, &c." Your correspondent has, in his first letter, shown his ignorance of the America's match with Sverige, and may be equally mistaken as to the terms of her challenge, published shortly before that race, and of the answers to, not acceptances of, it; for all of which I refer him to the third number of your journal for October, 1852. To this point—foregoing still further corrigenda as to time, place, and event—I beg to draw the attention of the "Carpenter." The desultory lucubrations of anonymous correspondents and amateur sailors as to the marvellous racing and sea-going qualities of their respective pets, are harmless, and occasionally, amusing. Not so, careless statements of the acts and motives of individuals, a fault from which your columns, Mr. Editor, so liberally open to fair discussion, and of so much authority in all matters pertaining to sport, have ever been so happily preserved.

Yours, &c. SINBAD.

Beavers.

Such is the sagacity of the beavers (which we extract from Cox's Columbia) that a tribe of American Indians consider them as a fallen race of human beings, who, in consequence of their wickedness, vexed the Good Spirit, and were condemned by him to their present shape, but that in due time they will be restored to their humanity. They allege that the beavers have the power of speech, and that they have heard them talk with each other, and seen them sitting in council on an offending member. The lovers of natural history are already well acquainted with the surprising sagacity of these wonderful animals, with their dexterity in cutting down trees, their skill in constructing their houses, and their foresight in collecting and storing provisions sufficient to last them during the winter months; but few are aware, I should imagine, of a remarkable custom among them, which, more than any other, confirms the Indians in believing them a fallen race. Towards the latter end of autumn, a certain number, varying from twenty to thirty, assemble for the purpose of building their winter habitations. They immediately commence cutting down trees; and nothing can be more wonderful than the skill and patience which they manifest in this laborious undertaking. To see them anxiously looking up, watching the leaning of the tree when the trunk is nearly severed, and when its cracking announces its approaching fall, to observe them scampering off in all directions to avoid being crushed. When the tree is prostrate, they quickly strip off its branches; after which, with their dental chisels, they divide the trunk into several pieces of equal lengths, which they roll to the rivulet across which they intend to erect their house. Two or three old ones generally superintend the others, and it is no unusual sight to see them beating those who exhibit any symptoms of laziness; should, however, any fellow be incorrigible, and persist in refusing to work, he is driven unanimously by the whole tribe to seek shelter and provision elsewhere. The outlaws are, therefore, obliged to pass a miserable winter, half starved in a burrow on the banks of some stream, where they are easily trapped. The Indians call them "lazy beaver," and their fur is not half so valuable as that of the other animals, whose persevering industry and *prevoyance* secure them provisions and a comfortable shelter during the severity of the winter.

Pedestrianism at Birmingham, &c.

At Aston Cross Grounds, Birmingham on Monday, George Seward [the American] had a benefit, but owing to the attraction of the races between Landon and Kent and O'Brien and Rowe, there was but a thin attendance. Some of the most noted pedestrians had promised to attend, but like most of them in that town, they were *non est*. The only ones who put in an appearance were Groves of Halesowen, B. Babcock [the Birmingham Lureher], Ellis of Halesowen, George Bishop, and Young Atkins. A 100 yards race took place between B. Babcock and Seward, the latter coming in first. The second race of the like distance, after a lapse of five minutes, was between Ben Groves of Halesowen and Seward. There was a good deal of spirit in this race, Groves doing his best, but Seward went first by a yard. Ellis of Halesowen contended next, but was easily defeated. A mile race then came off between George Bishop and John Atkins, which was won by the former.

LANDON AND KENT.—The 120 yards race between Joseph Landon of Milford and George Kent of Blackforby, Kent staking £30 to £25, came off on Monday, near the Gas House, at Lichfield, on the Walsall road. The interest excited by this match was apparent by the numbers present, for about 2,000 persons assembled, from all parts of the country. The betting on the morning was 5 to 4 on Kent, but when the men made their appearance it was brisk at evens, Landon for choice, who appeared in first rate condition, but Kent did not seem up to the mark. Landon was waited upon by Boulton Phillips, and Kent by the Old Pet [Bill Watkins of Longton]. It was nearly half past two o'clock before the men toed the scratch and it was not till the third attempt that they got off, when Landon had the start by full two yards, which he went away with at a slapping pace, Kent never being able, although he did his best, to overtake his man, and Landon won by two yards and a half. We are desired to state that if Kent and his backers are not satisfied, Landon will run him 140 yards for £50 a side. The stakes shall be sent to Landon, at Mr Gimbert's as requested.

O'BRIEN of Wolverhampton and ROSE of Wednesbury met on Monday, at the Five Holes, near Bilston, Staffordshire, to run one mile, for £10 a side. There was a large attendance, and no lack of the ready wanting by the respective backers of the men, who laid out their money to a large amount at evens. Both men appeared in good condition, and had evidently been carefully trained. After a few attempts they got off, O'Brien taking the lead for the first 100 yards, Rose well up, and the latter managed to get in advance, and to keep so for the next quarter of a mile, but at a pace it was evident he could not maintain, for before the half mile he slackened his pace. O'Brien then caught him, and gradually left Rose to wither in the rear, O'Brien winning easily by 100 yards.

Cheetham and Naylor.

This was a pedestrian contest between George Cheetham of Stockport and James Naylor of Staleybridge, the distance agreed upon being two miles, for £50 aside, Naylor to have 200 yards start. We did not hear a bet made. They went away by the report of a pistol, and for some time the pace was "fearfully slow." On the first half mile lap being completed, scarcely any change had taken place in their respective positions; but when they had traversed a mile, Cheetham had increased his speed and gained upon his opponent, and had succeeded in reducing the distance between them to about 100 yards. During the next lap Cheetham more closely approached; as, on its being concluded, the men were not more than 30 paces apart; but the pedestrian just named betrayed unmistakable symptoms of distress, whilst Naylor appeared to be reserving his energies. On they went, however, Cheetham, by dint of great exertion, continuing to gain ground, and when they turned the end of the course for home, he was within five yards of his opponent, and in this order they ran until within 200 yards of home, where Cheetham made an unsuccessful attempt to reach Naylor, the latter keeping on gamely. When about 70 yards from the goal, Cheetham gave up, dead beaten, and, of course, Naylor won as he pleased. With respect to the above race, we may say a word or two, especially as many persons viewed the contest as a parody on pedestrianism. When next they run, we would recommend them to appoint *one* official, whose presence is generally deemed necessary in contests of this description, namely, a referee, for no person took his stand at the mark to decide, thus affording ground for supposing that if the match had not resulted as it did (through Cheetham giving up), it might have ended in another way, and that is, in a barney!

The Game of Chess.

Game between Anderssen and Perigal.

WHITE.	BLACK.
Herr Anderssen.	Mr. Perigal.
1. K P 2	K P 2
2. K Kt to B 3	Q Kt to B 3
3. K B to Q B 4	K B to Q B 4
4. Q Kt P 2	BxP
5. Q B P 1	B to Q B 4
6. Castles	Q P 1
7. Q B 2	PxP
8. PxP	B to Q Kt 3
9. K R P 1	K R P 1
10. Q Kt to B 3	K Kt to K 2
11. Q K 1	Q Kt to K 4
12. KtxKt	PxKt
13. Q Kt to K 2	K B to Q B 4
14. K to R sq	K Kt P 2
15. Q P to Kt 2	Kt to K Kt 3
16. Q to R 4x	Q B to Q 2
17. Q to Q Kt 3	K B to Q 3
18. Q R to K sq	Castles.
19. Q to K B 3	K to R 2
20. Q to K R 5	K B P 2
21. Kt to K Kt 3	Kt to B 5
82. Q to Q sq	K Kt P 1
23. KtxP	KtxKt P
24. KxKt	BxKt
25. PxB	Q to K R 5
26. PxP	RxP
27. R to K 4	Q R to K Kt sq
28. K B to Q 3	K to R sq
29. K B P 1, and wins.	

The Humming Bird.

The above bird (according to the Edinburgh Cabinet Library) is a pretty little feathered creature, no bigger than an overgrown wasp; with a black bill no bigger than a small needle, and with legs and feet in proportion to its body. This creature does not wave its wings like other birds when it flies, but keeps them in a continued quick motion, like bees or other insects; and like them makes a continued humming noise as it flies. It is very quick in motion, and haunts about flowers and fruit like a bee gathering honey; making many addresses to its delightful objects, by visiting them on all sides, and yet still keeps in motion, sometmies on one side, sometimes on the other, as often rebounding a foot or two back on a sudden, and as quickly returns again, keeping thus about one flower five or six minutes, or more.

Barlow and Benns.

These aspirants to pedestrian fame are both employed by Mr. Jennison, of Bellevue Gardens, and each claiming to be the superior in speed, this afternoon was fixed upon in order to settle this "moot point," and to decide which possessed the greatest right to rank A 1. The sum to be competed for was £1, and the distance half a mile; but the interest excited amongst their fellow employees was great, though the value of the prize may be deemed somewhat small. They did not, to all appearance, so much compete for "filthy lucre" as for lasting honor, and they were soon arranged at the scratch. Whilst "the breast of each with ardor burned," they started, Barlow taking the advance, which he succeeded in keeping for 700 yards, when Benns gradually crept up shortly afterwards breasted, and then passed his opponent. From this point the latter maintained the premiership, and eventually won, amid the cheers and laudations of his friends, by about 15 yards. Benns, therefore is now the victor, and Barlow the vanquished! The time occupied was 2min. 24sec.

Sporting Items.

THE WHITE ELEPHANT OF AVA.

"A singularly absurd custom takes place in this country (observes Mrs. Judson), in certain forms of political homage shown to a white elephant, an animal kept for the purpose, superbly lodged near the royal palace, sumptuously dressed and fed, provided with functionaries, like a sovereign, held next in rank to the king, and superior to the queen, and made to receive presents, and other tokens of respects, from foreign ambassadors.

"I dare not attempt a description of that splendid day when majesty, with all its attendant glory, entered the gates of the golden city, and amid the acclamations of millions, I may say, took possession of the palace. The saupwars of the provinces bordering on China, all the viceroys and high officers of the kingdom, were assembled on the occasion, dressed in their robes of state, and ornamented with the insignia of their office. The white elephant, richly adorned with gold and jewels, was one of the most beautiful objects in the procession. The king and queen alone were unadorned, dressed in the simple garb of the country. They, hand in hand, entered the garden in which we had taken our seats, and where a banquet was prepared for their refreshment. All the riches and glory of the empire were on this day exhibited to the view. The number, and immense size of the elephants, the numerous horses, and great variety of vehicles of all descriptions, far surprising any thing I have ever seen or imagined.

"Within the first gate of the palace is a very large court, on both sides of which are the houses for the king's elephants, which are wonderfully large and handsome, and are trained for war and for the king's service. Among the rest, he has four white elephants, which are a great rarity, no other King having any but he; and, were any other King to have any, he would send for it, and if refused would go to war for it, and would rather lose a great part of his kingdom than not have the elephant. When any white elephant is brought to the King, all the merchants in the city are commanded to go and visit him, on which occasion each individual makes a present of half a ducat, which amounts to a good round sum, as there are a vast many merchants: after which present you may go and see them at their pleasure, although they stand in the King's house. Among his titles, the King takes that of King of the white elephants; every one of them having a house with gold, and getting food in their vessels of gilt silver. Every day, when they go to the river to wash, each goes under a canopy of cloth of gold or silk, carried by six or eight men; and eight or ten men go before each, playing on drums, shawms, and other instruments. When each has washed, and is come out of the river, he has a gentleman to wash his face in a silver basin, which office is appointed by the King. There is no such account made of the black elephants, be they ever so great; and some of them are wonderfully large and handsome, some being nine cubits high.

"While we were at Ava, a report was brought, that a white elephant had been seen; but it was stated, at the same time, that its capture, and transport on a sledge, over the cultivated country, would be accompanied by the destruction of ten thousand baskets of rice. His Majesty is said to have exclaimed, more with the enthusiasm of an amateur than the consideration of a patriot King. "What signifies the destruction of ten thousand baskets of rice, in comparison with the possession of a white elephant?" and the order was given for the hunt.

"The lower order, however, it must be observed perform the shiko, or obedience of submission, to the white elephant; but the chiefs view this as a vulgar superstition, and do not follow it. When the present elephant was taken, the event was considered a joyous one; and the late King, who was fond of money, taking advantage of the circumstance, issued an order to the tributaries and chiefs, to ask the pardon of the white elephant (Ka-dau), accompanied, of course, by the usual presents, which his majesty deposited in his coffers.

"The establishment of the white elephant is very large; he has his Wun, or minister; his Wun-dauk, or deputy to that officer; his Sare-gyi, or secretary, &c., with a considerable endowment of land for his maintenance. In the late reign, Sa len, one of the finest districts in the kingdom, was the estate of the white elephant."

THE CANARY BIRD.

The history of our various singing birds is wonderful and amusing; and none less so than that of the Canary. This little bird, so highly esteemed for its song; reared with so much care, particularly by the fair sex; and which affords such innocent amusement to those who are fond of the wild notes of nature, is a native of those islands from which it takes its name. It was not known in England till the fifteenth century; consequently, no account of it is to be met with in any of the works of the old ornithologists. Bellon, who about the year 1555, described all birds then known, does not so much as mention it. At that period the breed was brought from the Canary Islands. It was so dear that it could only be purchased by people of fortune, and these were often imposed upon. It was originally called the sugar bird, because it was so fond of the sugar cane, which circumstance has caused some surprise among naturalists—sugar being poison to many fowls. Experiments have shown that a pigeon, to which four drachms of sugar were given, died in four hours; and that a duck, which had swallowed five drachms, did not live seven hours after.

It was only in the middle of the sixteenth century that these birds began to be bred in Europe; and the following circumstance, related by Olina, seems to have been the occasion of it: —A vessel which, among other commodities, was carrying a quantity of Canary birds to Leghorn, was wrecked on the coast of Italy; and these birds, being thus set at liberty, flew to the nearest land, which was the Island of Elba, where they found the climate so favorable that they multiplied, and would have become domesticated, had they not been caught in snares, and divers other ways, for sale; and the breed of them there has long since been extinct.

The breed of these birds was at first attended with great difficulty, as the treatment they required was not known; but vast numbers are now bred in England of the pure breed, as well as a great quantity of handsome mule birds, chiefly from the cross of the green linnet, whose original note surpasses that of all the linnet variety. It was at one time supposed that those birds bred on the Canary Islands were much better singers than those reared in England, but this does not appear to be the case. As the male parrot is much superior in his colour and plumage to the female, so is the cock Canary bird. The hen birds sometimes sing, but they are much inferior in the strength of their notes to the males; neither is their plumage so gay. The form of them, however, is singularly symmetrical and elegant.

In former times various treatises were published in various languages, on the mode of rearing Canary birds; and many persons made it a trade, acquiring considerable fortunes by it. In the Tyrol there is a company, who, after the breeding season is over, send out persons to different parts of Germany and Switzerland to purchase birds from those who breed them. Great numbers of these are sent to England, where, considering the distance they are brought from, they are sold at a cheap rate.

The principal food of these birds is a plant called Canary seed, first supposed to have been brought for this purpose from the Canary Islands to Spain, and from thence dispersed all over Europe. In some botanical works this plant is laid down as Phalaris Canariensis, and is supposed to be the phalaris mentioned by Pliny. A great quantity of it is now sown in England, particularly in the Island of Thanet, and is sold in the London market at from 50s to 70s per quarter.

NEWMARKET IN THE REIGN OF QUEEN ANNE.

A gentleman who made a very extensive tour in the eastern parts of this island, in the reign of Queen Anne, and published his remarks in that of George I., speaking of Newmarket, says—"Being there in October, I had the opportunity to see the horse-races, and a great concourse of the nobility and gentry, as well from London as from all parts of England; but they were all so intent, so eager, so busy upon the sharping part of the sport, their wagers and bets, that to me they seemed just so many horse-coursers in Smithfield, descending, the greatest of them, from their high dignity and quality, to the picking one another's pockets, and biting one another as much as possible; and that with so much eagerness, as it might be said they acted without respect to faith, honor, or good manners.

"There was Mr. Frampton, the oldest, and, as some say, the cunningest jockey in England; one day he lost 1,000 guineas, the next he won 2,000; and so alternately. He made as light of throwing away £500 or £1,000 at a time, as other men do of their pocket money, and was as perfectly calm, cheerful, and unconcerned, when he had lost £1,000 as when he had won it. On the other side there was Sir R. Fagg, of Sussex, of whom fame says he has the most in him, and the least to show for it, relating to jockeyship, of any man there; yet he often carried the prize. His horses, they said, were all cheats, how honest soever their master was; for he scarcely ever produced a horse but he looked like what he was not, and was what nobody could expect him to be. If he was as light as the wind, and could fly like a meteor, he was sure to look as clumsy as a cart-horse, as all the cunning of his master and grooms could make him; and just in this manner he bit some of the greatest gamesters in the field.

"I was so sick of the jockeying part, that I left the crowd about the posts, and pleased myself with observing the horses; how the creatures yielded to all the arts and management of their masters; how they took their airings in sport, and played with the daily heats which they ran over the course before the grand day; but how, as not knowing the difference equally with their riders, they would then exert their utmost strength, as much as at the time of the race itself, and that to such an extremity, that one or two of them died in the stable, when they came to be rubbed after the first heat.

"Here I fancied myself in the *Circus Maximus* at Rome, seeing the ancient games, and, under this deception, was more pleased than I possibly could have been among the crowds of gentlemen at the weighing and starting posts; or at their meetings at the coffee-houses and gaming-tables, after the races were over. Pray take it with you as you go, that you see no ladies at Newmarket, excepting a few of the neighboring gentlemen's families, who come in their carriages to see a race, and then go home again."

SINGULAR BATTLE AT TATTERSALL'S BETWEEN A COCK SPARROW AND A MOUSE.

At the above highly famed Sporting Establishment, the visitors, some time since, were interested upon the following accidental turn-up, which occurred near the Subscription Room:—

A Sparrow, who was in the daily habit of picking up the crumbs of bread which were thrown out from one of the rooms (and which, it appears, he viewed as his exclusive right), was suddenly interrupted in his pursuit by a little hungry Mouse, who, with tears in his eyes, had been some time without food; he attacked the Sparrow, seized upon the crumb of bread, and endeavored to run off with his prize. The Sparrow immediately *showed fight*; and *nobbed* the Mouse so successfully with his beak, that Mousey *bolted*, and made for a hole in the wall, to escape from the fury of his antagonist; but the hole being to small, poor Mousey stuck fast for a little time, when the Sparrow *punished* him severely. Five and six to four on the *Feathers*. The Mouse, in his own defence, was compelled to return to the charge; and was again so *mill* that he ran a little way no[t] but falling dow[n] Sparro[w] Two [to] ing s inter and he[r] feelings) that the *gay* bird won it. Mousey, who was not destitute of *pluck*, determined to have another *shy* for the *crumb*, and made a desperate effort to bear it off; but the *little* cock bird *served* him out so *hard* and *fast*, that Mousey left the ground with the speed of a *Priam*, and got out of the clutches of his opponent by falling down an area. The Sparrow now followed the Mouse till he lost sight of him, cocking his little *ogles* down the arena after his antagonist, and strutting with all the pride of a first-rate *miller*, as if *chaffing* to himself, "I have *given it you*, my Mousey, for your temerity;" then, returning to the spot, he finished the crumbs at his ease and leisure, amidst the laughter of the surrounding spectators. The *cock sparrow* is well known to be a very *game* bird; indeed both of these little creatures seemed as if they were inspired by the sporting ardor which breathes throughout every department of this splendid establishment.

THE FRENCHMAN AND THE CLERICAL HORSE DEALER.

A complaint, which caused a great deal of conversation in Bath, was made by a French gentleman, named Lafu, against a clergyman who resides in the neighborhood of that city, and who is remarkable for dealing very profitably in horses. The magistrates applied to on the occasion recommended that the circumstances should be stated in a court of law, after having the following account from the lips of the Frenchman. "I go to buy a horse from him, and he ask me forty guinea. I say no, by Gar, I no give that. Well, say the clergyman, I tell you what; you shall have him for thirty-five guinea; but d—n my eye, you shall no have him less."

Magistrate, You could not think of dealing with a clergyman who was so ready to swear.—Frenchman. *Oui*, I did; I thought a clergyman would not swear anything but true; so I paid him the money. Well, I got upon him, and he go beautiful. Then I put him up in the Bell's stables, and I ride him next day, but he go upon three leg; so I put him up again, but he still go upon three leg, and then I gave him a doctor: but, by Gar, he walk upon his knee, and so I say, if you walk upon your knee, I do not walk upon your back.—Magistrate. You mean that the horse was unsound?—Frenchman. *Oui*, he got the gout.—Magistrate. The gout! horses don't get the gout.—Frenchman. But he was a clergyman's horse, and they both have the gout. The horse's leg was swelled, and so was the master's. Magistrate. Well, I suppose you sent back the horse?—Frenchman. No; the clergyman said, d—n his eye, he'd no have him; but I ask Mr. Bell to buy him for thirty-five guinea; but he said no, I not give you more than five pound; so I keep him in the stable twelve week, and then I send him to be sold: and what do you think I got?—Magistrate. Why, perhaps five pounds.—Frenchman. No, by Gar, I got fifteen pound.—Magistrate. Well, I think you received more than you had a right to expect, in your transactions with this worthy clergyman.—Frenchman. Receive? Why, I receive nothing. I got the fifteen pound to pay for the dinner.—Magistrate. For dinner? Frenchmrn. *Oui*. For my horse's dinner for the twelve week in Mr. Bell's stable. The unfortunate Frenchman thus lost, by his dealing with the reverend horse-jockey, no less than fifty pounds.

A SPORTSMAN OF THE OLD SCHOOL.

Mr. Harry Smith, who died in Heather's Buildings, in the East Pallant, Chichester, at the age of eighty-four. The above veteran was well known by the appellation of "The Squire." He was a complete Sportsman of the Old School—skilful in the use of the cross and long bows, and at all athletic exercises—an adept at the single stick and quarter staff, which last he would, till lately, turn with astonishing celerity. A well known fact of his prowess in the last named exercise we subjoin:—In the year 1779, a serjeant of Elliot's Light Horse being then in Chichester, and who was reputed one of the best swordsmen of the day, challenged his sword against "the squire's" staff, to draw the first blood; many are living who saw the encounter; when at the expiration of four minutes, 'the 'squire' gave his adversary the end of his staff in his forehead, which laid him flat on his back, and gained the victory. The staff which is seven feet ten inches in length, is now preserved, and has thirteen cuts of the sword in it.

HUNTING BY STEAM.

A friend of mine startled me a little by stating that he occasionally took the *same* horse *ninety-miles* to cover, and after a day's hunting, brought him home a like distance. "Unless you hunt by steam," I exclaimed, "it is impossible!" "Why," says he, "that's the whole secret. I go with my horse on board the steamer at Quebec, and reached Trios Riviere in good time to breakfast, hunt with my father-in-law, who keeps a whole pack, and return to Quebec by the afternoon boat."—Ferguson's Visit to the United States and Canada, in 1831.

THE MISER SPORTSMAN "SERVED OUT!"

A gentleman residing in the neighborhood of Taunton, who is notorious for the strictness with which he guards his preserves, was visiting at the house of a friend, where he was introduced to a third gentleman, an utter stranger to him. In the course of conversation this latter personage, who affected considerable effeminacy and dandyism, intimated that he was very desirous of enjoying a day's shooting, at which sport, however, he was a mere tyro. The man of preserves looked at the querist, and, in an unusual fit of generosity, promised a day's pleasure. Accordingly, it was agreed that on the next morning he should breakfast with him at his seat, and thence he would accompany him to his covers. Morning came, and with it our sportsman, dressed, not in the usual shooting gear, but in a full ball dress, with dancing shoes instead of boots. His host stared though rejoicing that nothing more formidable was about to be introduced into his preserves. T[illegible] concluded "There ac[illegible] vi[illegible]

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FOR THE SAFE, SPEEDY, AND EFFECTUAL CURE of Gonorrhœa, Gleet, Strictures, Whites, pains in the back and loins, Seminal weakness, and all other DISEASES OF THE URINARY ORGANS, without the least restriction to drinks, diet, exposure, or change in application to business. THESE INVALUABLE PREPARATIONS have now been before the public for the past five years, and have become so well and favorably known that they do not require any very elaborate praise. They have been used by thousands throughout the country, and have seldom been known to fail in curing the most stubborn cases. Although there are so many compounds which are daily offered to the public under the name of Mixtures and Specifics, these are the only preparations that have ever been invented which will ensure to the patient a speedy and effectual cure. They are composed of ingredients of the most valuable description known in the Medical world, and are purely of a VEGETABLE nature; and, although powerful, they will not in the least injure the most delicate constitution. They were invented by one of the first and most celebrated Venereal physicians in Paris, after many years study and experience, and since their introduction into the United States, have effected more cures, both of recent cases and those of long standing, than any other medicine of the kind ever offered to the public. A gentleman connected with the Western railroad says, "I have expended for other people, during the last three years, over Three Hundred dollars for remedies to cure various Diseases of the Urinary Organs, and I have never found a single article that gave such universal satisfaction as your Antidote and Lotion does. I do not recollect of their ever failing to cure in a single instance. Many have been cured in two or three days.

GONORRHŒA, GLEET, &c.

One gentleman says: "I was troubled with Gonorrhœa and Gleet for nearly two years. I had been under the care of three different Physicians, and had tried every remedy I could hear of, but they had all failed to cure me. I finally saw your advertisement in one of the papers, and was induced to purchase some of your medicines. I used three bottles of each kind, and they entirely cured me. I have not taken any medicine since then, which was about two months ago, and I have had no return of the disease."

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